

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

SUBTERFUGE

BY HELEN GOLDWYN
RECORDING DATES: TBC

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY

CHURCHILL: IAN MCNEICE

THE MEDDLING MONK: RUFUS HOUND

LESLEY KULCADE:

(M, 50s) Smooth-talking senior MI5 operative

ALICIA DOWAN:

(F, 20s) Kulcade's assistant and sister of Edward (a fellow stranded alien)

EDWARD DOWAN:

(M, teens) Borstal boy, secretly working with Kulcade. Brother of Alicia.

POLICEMAN/ MUGGER/ BROADCASTER/ SYSTEM:

(M, 40s+) London copper, falls under Edward's control (Sc 28, 30, 33)/ criminal (Sc 32)/ radio newsreader (Sc 74, 76)/ (FX) alien ship computer (Sc 37-38, 79, 86, 96)

Others:

SECRETARY (F) Churchill's staff (Sc 2, 12-13)

OPERATOR (F) (Sc 11)

SECRETARY 2 (M/F) (Sc 64, 73)

LANDLORD (M/F) (Sc 68)

BORSTAL BOY (Sc 5, 55)

DRIVER (Sc 83)

WILDTRACKS: CROWD (Sc 1, 62-63, 75, 77); **BORSTAL BOYS** (M) (Sc 3, 5), **DRIVERS/PASSERSBY** (Sc 21-23); **STAFF** (Sc 49, 51); **OFFICE WORKERS** (Sc 72); **CABINET** (Sc 81, 88, 91, 94)

DIRECTOR: SAMUEL CLEMENS

SCRIPT EDITOR: MATT FITTON

PRODUCERS: EMMA HAIGH & DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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EPISODE 1

1. EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN LONDON, JULY 4th 1945

FX: A FEW DISTANT VEHICLES PASS BY

WT: A HUGE CROWD BURBLES GENTLY THROUGHOUT.

CHURCHILL: (FX: MIC)

Throughout the past eight years, our united efforts have been focused beyond our shores and together we achieved the seemingly impossible; we were victorious against a monstrous power and proved our mettle as a nation of warriors. Now it is time to focus our energies back onto the domestic; to the heart of what it means to be British; where vigorous leadership shall guide us back to a position of thriving industry, solid education and successful trade. Today, with this most crucial general election but one day away, I ask for the support of all men and women of good intent. Together, playing our respective roles, we shall restore the country that we knew; Our great nation. Our Great Britain!

WT: CROWD CHEERS, CLAPS.

FX: MIC FEEDS BACK AS CHURCHILL STEPS DOWN

CHURCHILL: (CLOSE)

That was more along the lines of what we discussed, wasn't it?

MONK: (CLOSE)

Spot on. The perfect balance, well done, Sir! If you're not re-elected tomorrow I'll eat my hat. And yours!

CHURCHILL:

Let's hope you're right Saunders. Your advice has been invaluable.

MONK:

Trust me, you simply cannot lose, Mr Churchill, and post-war Britain will be all the better for it. (GRITTED TEETH) Don't you agree, Miss Dowan?

ALICIA:

How should I know?

FX. A SUDDEN, HUGE EXPLOSION NEARBY.

CROWD WT:

(SCREAMS, PANICS, RUNS)

CHURCHILL:

What on Earth?!

MONK:

(IRRITATED) Marvellous. Back to the car, quickly!

ALICIA:

Let me go!

MONK:

Uh-uh, you're coming with us.

CHURCHILL:

It will be safer, Miss Downan.

FX: THEY HURRY DOWN FROM THE PODIUM

CHURCHILL:

So the bombings weren't an idle threat!

MONK:

Apparently not.

FX: ANOTHER HUGE EXPLOSION NEARBY

CROWD WT:

(SCREAMS, PANICS MORE)

CHURCHILL:

The car's on the other side of this crowd.

MONK:

Every road out of Trafalgar Square is blocked anyway! Dammit, the stupid cattle are stampeding. We'd be crushed!

FX: A SCRAPE, THEN ANOTHER, NEAR THEIR FEET. A MANHOLE COVER IS PUSHED OFF.

DOCTOR: (IN HOLE)

Ah, there you are!

ALICIA:

Doctor!

CHURCHILL:

Doctor? What's happening?

DOCTOR:

Don't dawdle. Time waits for no man. Come down and I'll explain as we go.

MONK:

Sorry, you're suggesting the Prime Minister evacuates the scene through a sewer?

DOCTOR:

Needs must when the devil drives.

MONK:

(EXASPERATED) Right, then. The Doctor thinks he's in charge.
As usual.

MUSIC – THEME

2. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET. ONE DAY EARLIER

FX: MUTED STREET NOISES BELOW. CLOCK TICKING. A FEW BUSY PEOPLE TO-ING AND FRO-ING IN CORRIDORS BEYOND.

CHURCHILL: (PRACTISING)

No Socialist Government conducting the entire life and industry of the country could afford to allow free, sharp, or violently-worded expressions of public discontent. They would have to fall back on some form of Gestapo, no doubt very humanely directed-

MONK:

Ah, if I could just interrupt you there, Sir?

CHURCHILL:

What? Why?

MONK:

Do you remember we decided against undermining your opponent in quite that way? Mr Attlee's style is modest... understated. It may be counterproductive to use such - if you'll forgive me - strident language. We'd look like bullies. And nobody votes for bullies. Well, not in 1945.

CHURCHILL:

I remember your advice, Saunders, but I'm still of the opinion that some truths need to be said.

MONK:

We've two days before the election. Your rally in Trafalgar Square tomorrow should buoy people up, get them onside, keen to vote. I can tell you, with absolute confidence, that if you compare the opposition leader to the Nazi secret police, it will have a negative impact on our... your campaign.

CHURCHILL:

I chose that term for good reason.

MONK:

It's powerful, I agree, but controversial. Your approval rating stands at ninety percent. Let's not jeopardise that.

FX: CHURCHILL GATHERS HIS NOTES

CHURCHILL:

I'll see how I feel on the day.

FX: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

CHURCHILL:

Enter.

FX: DOOR OPENS

SECRETARY:

Mr Churchill, your one o'clock meeting is here, sir.

CHURCHILL:

Ah yes. Saunders, step out for half an hour.

FX: SECRETARY CLOSES DOOR

MONK:

It's alright, I've met Kulcade before.

CHURCHILL:

No doubt, but this is private business.

FX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

CHURCHILL:

(CALLS) Come.

SECRETARY:

Mr Kulcade and Miss Dowan, Sir.

FX: KULCADE AND ALICIA ENTER, DOOR CLOSES

KULCADE:

Good to see you, Sir.

CHURCHILL:

Kulcade, come in, have a seat. Who's this young filly?

KULCADE:

May I introduce Agent Dowan? My new assistant at MI5.

ALICIA:

How do you do?

CHURCHILL:

Pull up the chair by the window, my dear. That's where my secretary usually takes notes.

ALICIA:

I'm not a secretary.

KULCADE:

Agent Dowan is an Intelligence and Data Analyst.

CHURCHILL:

Still taking on jobs for the boys, eh?

ALICIA:

Yes Sir, I suppose so.

CHURCHILL:

I presume you've signed the Official Secrets Act?

ALICIA:

Of course.

CHURCHILL:

Then you may stay.

FX: MONK CROSSES TO KULCADE

MONK:

Kulcade. Ouch, sharp suit!

KULCADE:

Sorry, do I...*(know you)*?

MONK:

(INTERRUPTING) We met at the fundraiser at Kensington Palace last year.

KULCADE:

Ah yes, Saunders, isn't it?

MONK:

Fame at last.

KULCADE:

You were new to the political scene then. And now you're working with Mr Churchill.

CHURCHILL:

Saunders has been my advisor since the start of the election campaign. He's given me quite the fresh perspective. (TO SAUNDERS) However, I do need you to step out.

MONK:

If it's election-related I really ought to keep a weather eye?

CHURCHILL:

It's not. I'll have the girl fetch you back in when we're finished.

MONK:

I do love to be fetched. I look forward to it. Kulcade. Miss Dowan.

FX: MONK EXITS, DOOR CLOSES

CHURCHILL:

Thank you for coming so promptly. This matter is extremely urgent, and extremely sensitive..

3. EXT: A BOMBED-OUT SITE, DAYTIME

FX: CRUNCH OF SEVERAL BOYS' FEET ON DEBRIS. SOME OF THEM ARE DIGGING WITH SPADES.

BOYS WT:

(EFFORT OF DIGGING)

EDWARD:

Alright lads, not much luck in Clerkenwell, but I've a proper feeling this time. Keep digging... not too deep! And gently... gently. You hit anything, tell me. (SNIFFS THE AIR) You boys start over there. It's nearby. (SNIFFS. TO SELF) I can smell it...

4. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET

FX: A TINY LULL, A CLOCK TICKING

KULCADE:

(GENTLE LAUGH) Forgive me, Sir, but I find that very hard to believe. Screening of personnel at MI5 is exceptionally thorough. There's no way a spy could operate for that long inside the agency without discovery.

CHURCHILL:

On the contrary, intelligence from MI6 suggests that top secret information was flowing regularly to Germany throughout our 'Double Cross' operation.

KULCADE:

Good gracious! Then it's a miracle we had as much success as we did. I'm confounded that this could have happened.

FX: ALICIA FOLDS BACK A PAGE IN HER NOTEPAD

ALICIA:

(TO SELF) Sounds more like a triple cross to me.

CHURCHILL:

What's that you say?

ALICIA:

Thinking aloud, Sir.

KULCADE:

Impressive that he's stayed hidden, when most other enemy agents have been captured.

CHURCHILL:

Or turned themselves in. One imagines he has some ongoing agenda. Here's the information we have.

FX: CHURCHILL SLIDES A FOLDER ACROSS THE DESK. KULCADE LEAFS THROUGH

KULCADE:

Well, he's finished now. We'll find him.

CHURCHILL:

We only have two days. The communications intercepted indicate that he's planning an escape from Britain before the election.

KULCADE:

Indeed? How was this information come by?!

CHURCHILL:

Anonymous informant. Escape is not an option. This individual's betrayal has undoubtedly caused the deaths of many British soldiers. Let him be the first to be tried under our new Treason Act.

ALICIA:

Imagine living amongst your enemies for so long. He must feel like a rat in a trap.

KULCADE:

Yes, thank you, Dowan. I'll get onto it right away, Sir.

CHURCHILL:

With extreme caution, Mr Kulcade. This agent, whoever he is –

ALICIA:

(INTERRUPTING) Or she.

CHURCHILL:

Whoever he or she is, they are a traitor of the highest order. Who knows what they may be capable of in the heat of pursuit?

ALICIA:

Some people will do anything for their freedom.

CHURCHILL:

Indeed they will, Miss Dowan.

5. EXT: A BOMBED-OUT SITE, DAYTIME

FX: FEET STEP ON RUBBLE, THEN STOP NEAR TRUCK

EDWARD:

Right then boys, after three, gently as you can. One, two, three!

BOYS WT:

(NERVOUS. HOIST HEAVY LOAD. GASP/CRY OF HORROR)

FX: BOMB SLIPS AND KNOCKS AGAINST THE TRUCK

EDWARD:

Careful, what did I say?! The slightest knock, and these shells can blow!

FX: BOYS PLACE BOMB INTO PICK-UP TRUCK.

BOYS WT:

(PLACE BOMB DOWN, CATCH THEIR BREATHS, RELIEVED)

EDWARD:

Good work. That's three today. A few more and you'll never have to lift another bombshell again.

BORSTAL BOY:

Oi, Edward, when we getting paid? This is dangerous work!

EDWARD:

Soon as my contact pays, you'll get your share.

BORSTAL BOY:

We better had! What if one of them things goes off?!

EDWARD:

Trust me, we're nearly done. Time's running out.

FX: WARDEN'S WHISTLE BLOWS IN DISTANCE

BOYS WT:

(ALARMED) 'Hear that?' 'Warden's coming!'

EDWARD:

Run!

FX: ALL RUN. WARDEN WHISTLES AND CLOSES IN

6. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET

FX: CHURCHILL SHOWS KULCADE AND ALICIA OUT

KULCADE:

Thank you, Sir. I'll update you tomorrow. I also have some developments to share about our curious spate of thefts.

CHURCHILL:

Excellent. We'll speak then. Pleasure to meet you, my dear.

ALICIA:

And you, Sir.

CHURCHILL:

Keep putting those special skills to good use, eh?

ALICIA:

I don't really have a choice.

KULCADE:

Come along, Dowan. I'm sure Mr Churchill has much to be getting on with.

FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

CHURCHILL:

As it happens, I'm expecting another visitor at one-thirty; a very old friend.

DOCTOR: (DISTANCE)

Winston!

CHURCHILL:

And here he is. Good lord, it's that one! Looking somewhat older.

KULCADE:

We'll be on our way, then.

CHURCHILL:

(DISTRACTED) Oh yes, goodbye.

FX: KULCADE AND ALICIA WALK AWAY, CROSSING PATHS WITH THE DOCTOR

KULCADE:

Excuse me.

DOCTOR:

I try never to make excuses.

KULCADE:

I beg your pardon?

CHURCHILL:

Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

The very same.

CHURCHILL:

It's been a long time! Come in, come in!

7. INT: CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET — FOLLOWING ON

FX: KULCADE AND ALICIA GO DOWNSTAIRS

KULCADE:

Strange looking fellow.

ALICIA:

(SOTTO) You still want me to go ahead?

KULCADE:

(SOTTO) Why do you ask?

ALICIA:

(SOTTO) We'll be under more scrutiny, now they're looking for a spy.

KULCADE:

The plan hasn't changed. We'll investigate this new matter, but it doesn't affect our existing agenda.

ALICIA:

You're in charge.

KULCADE:

That's right, I am. See you back at St James's Street.

FX: HE WALKS AWAY

ALICIA:

(SIGHS) Right.

FX: SHE WALKS THE OTHER WAY

8. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET

FX: THEY SIT

CHURCHILL:

My goodness, when did we last...?

DOCTOR:

Thirty-six for me.

CHURCHILL:

Of course. That business with Mrs Simpson. Although...

DOCTOR:

You've had other encounters since? With other Doctors?

CHURCHILL:

Numerous.

DOCTOR:

What can I say? I'm irresistibly drawn to you, all my lives.

CHURCHILL:

Apparently so, but dare I say, the world seems all in order at present. What brings you along this time? And making appointments, no less! Must be important.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm just interested in your election strategy. Your campaign appears to be going particularly well.

CHURCHILL:

It does, doesn't it?

DOCTOR:

What's your secret?

CHURCHILL:

No secret. Just good, strong policies.

DOCTOR:

Anyone new on the campaign team?

CHURCHILL:

Got an interesting fellow throwing in the odd idea.

DOCTOR:

Who's that?

CHURCHILL:

Simon Saunders, the political analyst. You'll have heard of him, no doubt.

DOCTOR:

Not a name I'm familiar with.

CHURCHILL:

Oh? You surprise me. He's a clever chap. Very astute.

DOCTOR:

And he came to your attention because...?

CHURCHILL:

'The Times' started publishing his political commentary last year and he seemed very keyed into the zeitgeist. He's remarkably good at second guessing the opposition's tactics.

DOCTOR:

How interesting. And he's advising you on policy?

CHURCHILL:

Fine-tuning really. Emphasising national concerns rather than international; focusing on economic growth, a clear sense of social support, that sort of thing.

DOCTOR:

Persuasive stuff, but you've not lost sight of your own vision?

CHURCHILL:

We've an approval rating of ninety percent and growing. I think it's safe to assume we're in for another term.

DOCTOR:

Yes, it would be impossible to lose with an advantage like that. Is he around, this Saunders fellow? I'd like to meet him.

CHURCHILL:

I'll introduce you later today if you like? Assuming you're staying?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, I'm staying. I'd like to see the outcome of this election.

CHURCHILL:

Excellent! Thank you for your support.

9. INT: CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET

FX: ALICIA WALKS SOFTLY, HER HEELS FAINTLY CLICKING ON THE
TILED FLOOR

ALICIA: (SOTTO)

Which corridor? (PAUSING, DEEP BREATH, DECIDING) This one.

FX: SHE HEADS OFF

MUSIC:

10. INT: FRONT HALL, DOWNING STREET (MOMENTS LATER)

FX: ALICIA WALKS IN CAUTIOUSLY

ALICIA:

(TO SELF) Ah ha... here.

FX: SOFT BUZZING/AGITATING SOUND BEGINS, GROWS IN VOLUME.

ALICIA:

(PANTS AS IF IN PAIN – WE LATER LEARN THIS IS HER TRANSFORMATION SOUND)

FX: FLAMES EXPLODE AROUND ALICIA

ALICIA: (FX)

(CRIES OUT AS IF IN PAIN – SHOULD SOUND LIKE FEAR BUT IS PART OF HER TRANSFORMATION PROCESS)

FX: HEAT BLASTS THE WALLS, WHICH STEAM AND BUBBLE

11. INT: TELEPHONE BOX, SIDE STREET, CENTRAL LONDON

FX: THE ODD VEHICLE PASSES IN THE STREET BEYOND. EDWARD SHUFFLES AS HE WAITS

OPERATOR: (D)

Operator. Which number please?

EDWARD:

W. H. I. Nine, zero, eight, four.

OPERATOR: (D)

Putting you through.

FX: TELEPHONE CONNECTS

EDWARD:

Mr 'Smith'?

KULCADE: (FX: HEAVILY DISGUISED BY DEVICE)

Who's with you?

EDWARD:

No-one. You don't need that voice disguise.

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)

Calls can still be intercepted. Haven't I taught you anything?

EDWARD:

Whatever. Just calling in to say I've got three more... devices. The lads are asking questions.

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)

Three's not enough. You need to work faster.

EDWARD:

They don't exactly grow on trees!

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)

Get me what I need by tomorrow, or the deal's off.

EDWARD:

Yeah, except this isn't a deal, it's blackmail!

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)

No Edward, it's a mutually beneficial arrangement.

EDWARD:

Fine. Just tell me, is she in danger?

(BEAT)

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)
From time to time.

EDWARD:
You let anything happen to her and I'll... I'll...

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)
You'll what? Don't threaten me, Edward. She's safe as long as she does her job and you do yours. Get me what I need, then you're free. But jeopardise my plan? You and your sister won't be going anywhere. Ever. Understood?

EDWARD:
Alright.

KULCADE: (FX: DISG)
Deliver to the co-ordinates I sent you. Do not contact me again until you reach the quota. We don't have much time.

FX: KULCADE CUTS OFF. EDWARD SLAMS DOWN PHONE

12. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET

FX: A SHARP KNOCK ON THE DOOR

CHURCHILL:

Enter.

FX: DOOR OPENS

SECRETARY:

Sorry Sir, you're urgently needed at the main staircase.

FX: THEIR CHAIRS SCRAPE AS THEY STAND

DOCTOR:

What's happened?

SECRETARY:

There's been...an incident.

CHURCHILL:

Lead on. After you, Doctor.

FX: THEY HEAD OUT

13. INT: FRONT HALL, AT FOOT OF STAIRCASE, DOWNING STREET

FX: STAFF BUSTLE AROUND ALICIA, GOING UPSTAIRS.

STAFF WT:

(MURMUR OF CONCERN) *"I didn't hear a thing, did you?", "Poor girl, look at the state of her" "What could have done such a thing?" "I've never seen anything like it." Etc.*

FX: DOCTOR AND CHURCHILL HURRY IN.

CHURCHILL:

Good lord, what's happened here?

DOCTOR:

What indeed.

SECRETARY:

We don't know. Some say they heard a low buzzing sound, just for a few seconds, and then a cry -

DOCTOR:

This young lady, presumably? Are you alright? May I help you up? (CONFIDENTIAL) Only naughty children should sit at the bottom of the stairs. (HELPING HER UP)

ALICIA:

(GROGGY) Oh... thank you. (GROANS) My head! I must have blacked out for a few minutes.

CHURCHILL:

Miss Downan. I thought you left with Kulcade?

ALICIA:

(WITH EFFORT) I wish I had, Sir, but Mr Kulcade wanted me to check on the portraits. He'd had a tip-off about a possible attempted theft.

FX: DOCTOR BEGINS TO CLIMB THE STAIR

DOCTOR:

A definite perpetration now.

CHURCHILL:

Were they stolen or... disintegrated? Look at the state of the walls. Burnt and charred! They'll need to be completely redecorated!

DOCTOR:

Fascinating. There were portraits all the way up this staircase?

CHURCHILL:

Of all the past incumbents. A priceless collection.

FX: DOCTOR SMOOTHS HIS HAND ACROSS THE WALL

DOCTOR:

It's warm. Smooth like glass. The area around each painting seems to have been blasted with incredible heat.

CHURCHILL:

We need to lock down the house. You people, call the police and search the premises.

STAFF WT:

(SCATTER, MUTTERING CONCERN)

DOCTOR:

Oh I should think the thief's long gone by now.

CHURCHILL:

What makes you say that?

DOCTOR:

They'd need to stash the contraband somewhere quickly.

ALICIA:

Surely the pictures won't have survived that heat?

FX: DOCTOR SCANS WITH HIS SONIC UNDER (TV MOVIE FX)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) No residue of paint, canvas or frame.

ALICIA:

How can you know that?

DOCTOR:

I know. The paintings were removed. Stolen.

ALICIA:

What's that device?

FX: DOCTOR QUICKLY POKETS THE SONIC

DOCTOR:

Winston, is there somewhere this young lady can recover?

CHURCHILL:

Of course. Follow me.

FX: THEY HEAD UP THE STAIRS.

14. EXT: LONDON SIDE STREET

FX: TRUCK BACK DOOR SLAMMING, THEN FOOTSTEPS

EDWARD:

Right lads, that's another, well done! It's nearly supertime. Get back to the halfway house before people wonder where you are. I'll be along later, after I've taken this where it needs to go. (GETTING IN TRUCK CAB, CALLING) Tell them I'm running an errand! (TO SELF) I need to see a man about a bomb.

FX: TRUCK ENGINE STARTS

15. INT: CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET

FX: DOCTOR, CHURCHILL AND ALICIA HURRYING ALONG

CHURCHILL:

Along here... the White Drawing Room.

DOCTOR:

Thank you for being so co-operative, Miss.

ALICIA:

I really should get back to MI5. Mr Kulcade is expecting me.

CHURCHILL:

Commendable dedication. We'll call him shortly. This investigation is the priority for now. Here we are.

FX: THEY HEAD IN. CHURCHILL SHUTS THE DOOR

16. INT: DRAWING ROOM, DOWNING STREET, FOLLOWING ON

FX: THEY ENTER

DOCTOR:

Do they still have that 'to let' sign outside MI5 headquarters in St James's Street?

ALICIA:

How do you know about that?

CHURCHILL:

I don't believe you've been formally introduced? Miss Dowan, meet the Doctor.

ALICIA:

I don't need a doctor thank you!

DOCTOR:

Here on other business, don't worry. Now, tell us what you saw?

ALICIA:

Nothing really. I heard a strange buzzing. Then blacked out.

DOCTOR:

Did you notice any change in temperature?

ALICIA:

Not really, I-

FX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN. MONK ENTERS.

MONK:

I came as soon as I heard. Is anyone hurt?

CHURCHILL:

Ah, Saunders, no all fine. Doctor, this is-

FX: DOCTOR APPROACHES MONK

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Your political advisor... (RECOGNISES HIM, SHAKES HIS HAND.) 'Simon Saunders'.

MONK:

You.

CHURCHILL:

You've met before?

MONK:

(COVERING) Our paths have crossed, on rare occasions.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Not rare enough.

CHURCHILL:

Small world. Miss Dowan, where are my manners? Would you like something to drink? We have a very good Harper whiskey on the go?

ALICIA:

Just a glass of water, please.

CHURCHILL:

Of course. Over here, my dear.

FX: CHURCHILL CROSSES TO FAR SIDE WITH ALICIA.

17. INT, DRAWING ROOM, DOWNING STREET (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: CLINK OF GLASSES ON FAR SIDE, AS CHURCHILL POURS.

THE FOLLOWING CONSPIRATORIAL THROUGHOUT.

DOCTOR:

(CLOSE) Simon Saunders?

MONK:

(LAUGHS) I do love a little alliteration.

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS detected an anomaly. This is a very sensitive year. What are you up to?

MONK:

I'm a political adviser, dontcha know?

DOCTOR:

Meddling with Churchill's campaign? Why?

MONK:

Meddling? I'm making improvements! A few saucy suggestions, that's all. Seems to be working. He's revving up for a win.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but he's not supposed to! Churchill must lose this election. He still needs to make a speech comparing Clement Attlee to the Gestapo.

MONK:

Oh no, I rewrote it. That's what turns the British public against him, you see.

DOCTOR:

Which is as it should be! He can do it tomorrow and events will get back on track. You can't interfere.

MONK:

Ooh, that's rich coming from you! I'm trying to create a better future for this pathetic little planet. Why is that so terrible?

DOCTOR:

Because, as you know full well, this is a fixed point in time. You're endangering the whole of history!

MONK:

(SIGH) Always the theatrics, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I won't let you do this.

MONK:

Won't you? Well, while I'd prefer to follow my strategy, don't forget, there are other ways things could go belly up.

DOCTOR:

Meaning what?

MONK:

It's always fascinated me how political landscapes change when a leader is assassinated. Suddenly he's a martyr.

DOCTOR:

Are you threatening to harm my friend, Monk?

MONK:

Interpret it however you like, Doctor, but keep your trap shut. Or I'll be forced to do something rather more dramatic than simply win an election.

18. INT, DRAWING ROOM, DOWNING STREET, FOLLOWING ON

FX: CHURCHILL APPROACHES TABLE, PUTS DRINKS DOWN TABLE

CHURCHILL:

(CALLING) Drinks, gentlemen?

FX: MONK AND DOCTOR APPROACH FROM OTHER SIDE OF ROOM.

MONK:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

Not for me, thank you. I need to keep my wits about me.

MONK:

Very wise, Doctor.

CHURCHILL:

Are you sure you won't join us, my dear?

ALICIA: (JUST OFF)

Water is fine, thank you. I... need a moment to gather myself.

CHURCHILL:

Of course. So Doctor, yet again you arrive in the midst of a mystery. (SIPS DRINK)

FX: ICE CLINKS AS HE DRINKS

MONK:

Perfect timing.

DOCTOR:

It's an unusual incident, but you should stay focused on the election. Don't let yourself get distracted.

CHURCHILL:

This isn't the first time, though. The same blaggards have been stealing paintings all over London. We've lost a number of national treasures over the past few months.

DOCTOR:

With scorch marks left at every scene?

CHURCHILL:

Yes. My man, Kulcade at MI5, has been investigating, but no leads yet. Whatever this heat technique is, it enables the thief to somehow 'spirit' items away.

DOCTOR:

Have you alerted the public?

MONK:

Why? The great unwashed would only gossip about it, twenty-four-seven, and forget everything else. No, we need to keep it out of the daily rags. No point giving people the willies.

DOCTOR:

No, you wouldn't want the election result being affected.

MONK:

Exactly.

CHURCHILL:

It's jolly bad timing.

DOCTOR:

Agreed, but if these thefts are escalating, it may get dangerous. Next time, there could be fatalities.

MONK:

You're so right, Doctor. You should look into it. Heaven forfend any humans should get hurt.

CHURCHILL:

We ought to ensure there are no further incidents.

DOCTOR

Alright, I say we head to MI5 and talk to this 'Kulcade'. See what information he has.

CHURCHILL:

I did see him earlier, but we were rather focused on another matter.

DOCTOR:

Oh? Anything serious?

CHURCHILL:

Just a little... post-war tidying up.

FX: HE PUTS DOWN HIS GLASS

CHURCHILL:

(CLOSE) Join me for supper? We'll have a proper de-brief then?

FX: HE WALKS AWAY

MONK:

(CLOSE) Whatever he tells you, I know it already.

DOCTOR:

I have no doubt of that.

CHURCHILL:

(AT DOOR, CALLING BACK) Miss Dowan, we'll be taking the Rolls to MI5. If you feel sufficiently recovered, please feel free to join us.

ALICIA:

Thank you, Sir.

19. EXT: LONDON STREET, MID AFTERNOON

FX: EDWARD DRIVES TRUCK HURRIEDLY DRIVES ALONG BUSY STREET. HE BRAKES SHARPLY. VEHICLES BEHIND BRAKE.

EDWARD:

(CALLS) Oi! (BEEPS HORN) Come on, urgent delivery here!

FX: HORNS BEEP. TRAFFIC MOVES AGAIN. EDWARD REVS ENGINE.

EDWARD:

I don't have time for this!

FX: HORNS BEEP. TRAFFIC STOPS AGAIN.

EDWARD:

(SIGH OF FRUSTRATION)

FX: EDWARD BEEPS HIS HORN, CRUNCHES GEARS AND DRIVES ON.

20. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS ROYCE

FX: THE ROLLS ENGINE PURRS. THE TRAFFIC IS 'STOP/START'. A FEW DISTANT BEEPS.

MONK:

So, 'Agent' Dowan, you work with Kulcade?

ALICIA:

Yes.

MONK:

As an agent?

ALICIA:

That's right.

MONK:

Been there long?

ALICIA:

A while.

MONK:

Where did you grow up?

ALICIA:

We moved around.

MONK:

Army brat?

DOCTOR:

What is this? An interrogation?

MONK:

Just curious.

ALICIA:

I didn't really know my parents. They died. In a crash, when I was very young.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry to hear that. It must have been difficult.

ALICIA:

Yes, but you adapt... and learn to fit in, eventually.

MONK:

Clearly. So were you adopted??

ALICIA:

Fostered. My brother and I were both identified as... gifted, so we were a better proposition than most orphans.

MONK:

Ooh, gifted? How? Can you replicate St Paul's with matchsticks? Solve calculus in nanoseconds? What's your special skill?

CHURCHILL:

For heaven's sake, leave the girl alone, Saunders!

MONK:

Just intrigued to know how such a lovely young woman comes to be a dirty old spy.

DOCTOR:

Why? Worried she might be onto you?

MONK:

Haha, yes, I'm here to make sure Mr Churchill loses the election! Can you imagine if someone had that agenda? That might be viewed as treason...

DOCTOR:

That depends on the motivation. (TO CHURCHILL) Your final speeches are tomorrow, Winston. Are you happy with the content?

MONK:

Very.

DOCTOR:

I was asking Mr Churchill. Anything you think you might change at the eleventh hour?

CHURCHILL:

What are you implying, Doctor? You think I don't know how to write a speech?!

DOCTOR:

I know you have a tremendous flair for words. I just wondered whether these crucial words are set in stone.

CHURCHILL:

You of all people should know that nothing is set in stone.

MONK:

But we've agreed to steer away from negative language, haven't we? And to talk about social rebuilding, to combat the opposition endlessly banging on about social reform.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean by 'social rebuilding'? Are you planning to change the political system?

MONK:

Everything has its time. And now it's time for a change. We'll have an all-new improved society. Miles better than the Opposition's holier-than-thou 'social reform' manifesto.

DOCTOR:

That manifesto is perfectly sound, as well you know.

MONK:

Oh, it might get off to a good start-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) A very good start. I predict significant improvements in welfare. Millions of lives saved.

CHURCHILL:

Hold on, whose side are you on?!

DOCTOR:

I'm just playing devil's advocate.

MONK:

Yes alright, some things improve, but trust me, those liberal principles will go horribly awry.

DOCTOR:

Depending on your point of view.

FX: ROLLS SLOWS.

21. EXT: LONDON STREET, MID AFTERNOON

FX: EDWARD DRIVING STOP-START.

EDWARD:

(CALLS) Out of the way! (BEEPS HORN)

FX: TRAFFIC MOVES AGAIN. BICYCLE BELL APPROACHING. EDWARD REVS ENGINE.

EDWARD:

Hey, you on the bike!

FX: HE HONKS HORN, SWERVES FAST, BICYCLE BELL AND WHEELS.

EDWARD:

Oi! Get out of the... woah!

FX: HE MANOEUVRES TO AVOID CYCLIST. TYRES SKID, DRIVER'S SIDE OF EDWARD'S TRUCK SLAMS INTO A WALL. HORNS BEEP. THE ENGINE STEAMS.

DRIVERS/PASSERSBY WT:

(ALARMED REACTIONS)

EDWARD:

(WAKING FROM MOMENTARY BLACKOUT) Ugh... what... Oh no!

FX: HE TRIES TO OPEN HIS DOOR BUT IT HITS THE WALL.

EDWARD:

(EFFORT)

FX: HE SLIDES TO PASSENGER SIDE, TRIES DOOR BUT IT'S JAMMED. A SUDDEN DECOMPRESSION NOISE COMES FROM THE BOMB IN THE BACK (LIKE A LID OFF A COKE BOTTLE) FOLLOWED BY A SOFT, RAPID TICKING NOISE.

EDWARD:

No... (SHOUTS) Help! Help me!

FX: HE BANGS ON DOOR.

22. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS ROYCE

FX: THE CAR STOPS. FADE UP SOUND OF COMMOTION IN THE STREET AHEAD. HORNS, ENGINES REVVING.

DRIVERS/PASSERSBY WT:

"Oi, get a move on!" "What's going on?" "Chap's had an accident." Etc.

ALICIA:

What's going on out there?

CHURCHILL:

Where?

ALICIA:

Up ahead. There's been an accident.

FX: SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND GETS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Well come on then!

FX: HE EXITS THE CAR

CHURCHILL:

I don't think he meant me.

MONK:

(SIGHS) Right. I suppose they might need some help.

FX: HE EXITS

23. EXT: THE CRASH SITE, LONDON STREET

FX: CARS WAITING, HISSING TRUCK ENGINE, OCCASIONAL HORN, POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE

PASSERSBY WT:

(PANICKING) "Someone's stuck in there, look!" "He can't get out." "That engine's going to blow!" "Stay back, it's not safe." "Somebody help him!"

FX: ALICIA RUNS UP, PULLS ON TRUCK DOOR

ALICIA:

(PULLING) Doctor! I can't... open it!

DOCTOR:

Step aside. I'll deal with this.

ALICIA:

The cab's full of smoke and the driver's trapped, look!
(PULLING ON DOOR. SEES WHO IT IS) Oh no! No! (PULLS FRANTICALLY)

FX: PULLING DOOR FRANTICALLY

DOCTOR:

Someone you know?

ALICIA:

(LYING) No, it's just... he's stuck!

DOCTOR:

Let me try. (HE PULLS)

FX: THE MONK RUNS UP

MONK:

Look at the smoke. No-one can survive that.

ALICIA:

No! He'll be fine. (PULLS ON DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Step back, both of you.

MONK:

With pleasure.

FX: THE DOCTOR USES THE SONIC, PULLS DOOR OPEN. EDWARD LURCHES OUT, SHOVES ALICIA OUT OF THE WAY, RUNS OFF.

EDWARD:

Aaargh! (SHOVES ALICIA HARD) Get away! (HE RUNS)

ALICIA:

Oof! (SHE STUMBLES BACK A FEW STEPS)

FX: ALICIA STUMBLES BACK, EDWARD RUNS

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) A simple thank-you would have sufficed! (TO SELF)
Wait... Why is smoke coming from the back, when the engine's at the front?

FX: DOCTOR GOES TO BACK OF TRUCK AND OPENS DOORS. STEAM/SMOKE BILLOWS OUT

DOCTOR:

(COUGHS) Ah. (SHOUTS) Everyone evacuate the area! Get as far away as you can. There's a bomb in this truck!

PASSERSBY:

(SCREAMS, PANIC)

FX: PASSERSBY RUN

MONK:

(CLOSE) A bomb you say?

DOCTOR:

It could blow any second by the look of it.

ALICIA: (JUST OFF)

(CALLS) Doctor, where are you? I can't see you!

MONK:

I suppose you're going to defuse it and save the day?

DOCTOR:

Too late for that.

MONK:

Oh never too late, Doctor. Sometimes you just need to (SUDDENLY LIFTS HIM. SHOVES HIM IN BACK OF TRUCK) take a closer look!

FX: MONK LIFTS DOCTOR AND SHOVES HIM INTO BACK OF TRUCK

DOCTOR:

Hey! (STRUGGLES) Argh!

FX: MONK SLAMS THE DOORS, SLIDES BOLT ACROSS AND RUNS AWAY

24. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS ROYCE

FX: DOOR OPENS AND MONK JUMPS IN.

MONK:

(OUT OF BREATH) Driver, you need to get Mr Churchill out of here tout suite! Try the back way, up round Villiers Street.

FX: ENGINE REVS

CHURCHILL:

What's going on? Where's the Doctor and Miss Dowan?

MONK:

They've run to safety. There's an unexploded Luftwaffe bomb about to blow.

CHURCHILL:

Good lord! (TO DRIVER) Well come on, man, don't dilly dally!

FX: CAR REVS AND REVERSES

25. INT: BACK OF TRUCK (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: DOCTOR TRIES THE DOOR, CAN'T OPEN IT.

DOCTOR:

(YELLS) Monk! Unbolt this door! I'm warning you!

FX: BOMB STEAMS AND TICKS FASTER.

DOCTOR:

No way out.

FX: CLOSE ON THE TICKING.

END OF EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2

26. INT: BACK OF TRUCK

REPRISE OF SCENE 25

FX: DOCTOR TRIES THE DOOR, CAN'T OPEN IT.

DOCTOR:

(YELLS) Monk! Unbolt this door! I'm warning you!

FX: BOMB STEAMS AND TICKS FASTER.

DOCTOR:

No way out.

FX: CLOSE ON THE TICKING.

SCENE CONTINUES:

FX: BOMB STEAMS AND TICKS

DOCTOR:

Right, bomb disposal duty it is.

FX: HE UNSCREWS PANEL ON BOMB.

DOCTOR:

So many options, so little time..

FX: TRUCK BACK DOORS OPEN SUDDENLY, ALICIA CLIMBS IN.

ALICIA:

(CLIMBING IN) Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Oh no, no. Get out, quick as you can! I've less than sixty seconds to defuse it. *(SOTTO)* If I can remember how...

ALICIA:

Oh my word!

FX: TICKING GETS FASTER, STEAM BILLOWS

DOCTOR:

What are you waiting for?! Run!

ALICIA:

No, I meant 'oh my word this is an S.C. two fifty'! I've only ever seen them in textbooks.

DOCTOR:

What?

FX: ALICIA CLAMBERS FURTHER IN, GETS CLOSE TO DOCTOR, DOCTOR AIMS SONIC AT BOMB WIRING THEN QUICKLY SWITCHES OFF

DOCTOR:

(AIMS THEN STOPS SONIC) Too risky. Sonic waves could trigger the detonator.

FX: ALICIA SHIFTS CLOSER, TINKERS WITH MECHANISM.

ALICIA:

Let me see. The main fuse pocket is in the exploder tube, here. This is a type Z.U.S. forty, with a spring-loaded detonator, see? It's designed to stop anyone defusing it.

DOCTOR:

That could be a problem.

ALICIA:

I can give it a try.

DOCTOR:

Do you know what you're doing?

ALICIA:

Let's hope.

FX: SHE TINKERS WITH WIRES

ALICIA:

Do you have anything to cut these wires?

FX: DOCTOR PATS HIS POCKETS

DOCTOR:

Er... nail scissors?

ALICIA:

Perfect.

FX: SHE TAKES THEM

DOCTOR:

You're sure it's the blue one first?

ALICIA:

Fairly sure.

DOCTOR:

That'll have to do.

ALICIA:

Here goes. Blue. Then I've a feeling it's... orange. Now... yellow?

FX: A SERIES OF SMALL CLIPS AS SHE CUTS WIRES

ALICIA:

And last, I'm almost certain it's... red.

FX: SHE CLIPS IT. TICKING/STEAMING CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY

DOCTOR/ALICIA:

(EXHALE. RELIEF)

DOCTOR:

Special skills indeed, Miss Downan.

ALICIA:

Alicia. Yes, it's amazing what you pick up.

DOCTOR:

Mm... when you need to.

27. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS ROYCE

FX: ROLLS ENGINE REVS. HORNS BEEPS.

MONK:

Come on, why aren't we moving?!

FX: CHURCHILL SWIVELS ROUND

CHURCHILL:

Everyone's evacuated their vehicles. Perhaps we should do the same?

MONK:

We can't have you running around the streets of London two days before the election!

CHURCHILL:

Rest assured, there would be no running on my part.

FX: CAR DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Still here, then?

CHURCHILL:

Doctor! Miss Dowan!

MONK:

(TO SELF) More lives than a cat!

FX: DOCTOR AND ALICIA CLIMB IN

DOCTOR:

(GETTING IN CAR) Thank you for waiting.

ALICIA:

(GETTING IN CAR) We had to find a policeman, to take care of the truck.

DOCTOR:

We weren't sure whether we'd catch you.

CHURCHILL:

I thought you had made your escape.

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. I found myself in the unexpected position of having to defuse a... what was it called, Alicia?

ALICIA:

An S.C. two fifty.

DOCTOR:

Yes, one of those. Thank goodness Miss Dowan was there to take over.

CHURCHILL:

Really? In what way?

ALICIA:

I happened to have some helpful knowledge from my MI5 training.

CHURCHILL:

Remarkable, eh Saunders?

MONK:

Yes... very handy.

DOCTOR:

(TO MONK) And as for you, 'Simon'...

MONK:

(HURRIEDLY) Sorry to abandon you, but in the absence of Mr Churchill's bodyguard, I had to take full responsibility for ensuring that nothing untoward happened to the PM.

DOCTOR:

How very noble of you.

MONK:

Well you know me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I certainly do.

CHURCHILL:

I thought you barely knew one another?

DOCTOR:

Ah. A slight misunderstanding. Actually, we're acquainted of old.

CHURCHILL:

Oh? Where from?

DOCTOR:

Very long story.

FX: THE ROLLS REVS

MONK:

Look the road's clearing. Let's get going.

CHURCHILL:

Ah yes. (CALLS) Driver, on to MI5 headquarters, please. (TO ALICIA) And rest assured, Miss Dowan, we shall track down that youth who shoved you in such an ungentlemanly manner as he fled the scene of the accident.

ALICIA:

Oh, there's no need. I'm certain he was trying to get me away from the truck. In a way, I think he wanted to save me.

CHURCHILL:

If you're sure?

ALICIA:

Absolutely positive. Please, just forget about it. Although I... I'm not feeling too well. I think I should go home. Would you mind dropping me at the corner of Carlton Gardens?

CHURCHILL:

Of course, my dear. It must have been quite a shock.

DOCTOR:

Saunders should escort her.

ALICIA:

There's really no need.

MONK:

Er, don't we have some honing to do on your final speech, Sir? After you see Kulcade?

DOCTOR:

I'm very happy to listen to Mr Churchill's speech, if he'd like to practice. Perhaps I can offer a more objective view.

MONK:

Objective? Huh!

CHURCHILL:

That sounds like a good idea to me. Your digs aren't far from here either, are they Saunders?

MONK:

I don't think-

CHURCHILL:

(INTERRUPTING) And Miss Dowan needs to be escorted home safely. She has undergone an extremely stressful day of work. (CALLS) Driver! Pull over here, please.

FX: CAR STOPS. CHURCHILL REACHES OVER, OPENS DOOR

CHURCHILL:

Here you are. Make sure you take her right to her door.

MONK:

(GRITTED TEETH) It'll be my pleasure. After you, Agent Dowan.

ALICIA:

Thank you.

FX: THE MONK AND ALICIA CLIMB OUT

28. EXT: A BOMBED-OUT SIDE STREET, CENTRAL LONDON

FX: EDWARD RUNS ON RUBBLE, PAUSES FOR BREATH

EDWARD:

(CATCHES BREATH. TO SELF) Damn it.

FX: POLICEMAN APPROACHES

POLICEMAN:

'Ere! Didn't you see the sign?

EDWARD:

Sorry?

POLICEMAN:

The sign. Saying 'no entry'. This area ain't safe.

EDWARD:

You're here.

POLICEMAN:

You watch your cheek. I'm looking out for lads like you, messing around in the rubble. Borstal boy, am I right?

EDWARD

Might be. What's it to you? (SNIFFS, THEN SNIFFS AGAIN DEEPLY)
Have the bomb disposal techies been down this road yet?

POLICEMAN:

Don't think so. Why?

EDWARD:

(SNIFFS) Then we might be in luck.

FX: TRIES TO SET OFF BUT POLICEMAN BLOCKS HIM

POLICEMAN:

Hold on, you're going nowhere, sonny.

EDWARD:

You really need to move out of my way.

POLICEMAN:

And you need to clear off, back the way you came.

EDWARD:

Sorry, can't do that.

FX: HE TRIES TO PUSH PAST

POLICEMAN:

Oi! Come here, you.

FX: HE GRABS FOR EDWARD. THERE'S A SCUFFLE

EDWARD:

No! Ha! (STRETCHES OUT A HAND)

FX: A CRACKLE/FIZZ THEN A HIGH-PITCHED RING, UNDER:

POLICEMAN:

(PAINED) Ah... what you doing? Where's that noise coming from?
Is it you?

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) I'm sorry. You should have moved when I asked you.

POLICEMAN:

Argh! (PANTS, THEN RELAXES)

FX: THE HIGH-PITCHED SOUND FADES

EDWARD:

Now you'll have to come and help me.

POLICEMAN:

(TRANCE-LIKE) I'll have to come and help you.

EDWARD:

(SNIFFS DEEPLY) This way. There's one over here. I can smell it.

FX: THEY HEAD OFF OVER THE RUBBLE

29. EXT: QUIETER LONDON STREET

FX: OCCASIONAL TRAFFIC, A FEW FOOTSTEPS PASSING BY. THE MONK AND ALICIA WALK ALONG

ALICIA:

I am happy to walk on my own, if you'd like to get back.

MONK:

Hey-ho, we're here now... and it's a chance to find out more about you.

ALICIA:

(SHORT LAUGH) After your earlier interrogation, there's not much more to learn, I'm afraid.

MONK:

I think you might be telling porky-pies. How many other young ladies of nineteen-forties vintage are able to defuse a ticking bomb at a moment's notice?

ALICIA:

We had a module on it during training.

MONK:

So you said. And of course, you're 'gifted'. Tell me, what other special skills do you have?

ALICIA:

What do you mean?

MONK:

I don't know, call me crazy, but I suspect you're not quite what you appear to be.

ALICIA:

Funny you should say that. I've been getting rather the same suspicion about you.

MONK:

Oh, I'm definitely much more than the sum of my parts.

ALICIA:

That doesn't surprise me. (LOOKING AROUND) We're almost there. We can take a short cut up this alley. It's not too well lit in the evening, but since you're here.

MONK:

Ooh, it's a dark one, isn't it? Lead on... I'll protect you.

FX: THEY WALK INTO ALLEYWAY

30. EXT: A BOMBED-OUT SIDE STREET, CENTRAL LONDON

FX: EDWARD AND THE POLICEMAN MOVE RUBBLE ASIDE.

EDWARD:

(UNDER BREATH) It's here, I know it's here.

POLICEMAN:

(EFFORT, SLIGHTLY TRANCE-LIKE) I'm... helping you. I don't know why.

EDWARD:

Because I temporarily altered the electrical signals in your brainwaves. I'm sorry. It doesn't work on everyone, and I don't really like doing it. It takes it out of me, if that's any consolation.

POLICEMAN:

(EFFORT) I feel strange.

EDWARD:

It'll wear off in a few minutes. Just keep digging.

FX: THE DING OF RUBBLE ON METAL

EDWARD:

That's it! You've found it! Quick, help me uncover it. Carefully. (EFFORT)

FX: QUICKER MOVING OF RUBBLE, METAL DINGS

POLICEMAN:

(EFFORT) This... this is a bomb. A German shell!

EDWARD:

Exactly. A small one, but she's a beauty.

POLICEMAN:

But... we have to notify the bomb disposal unit.

EDWARD:

That's us. I'm helping them out. And you're going to help me move it.

FX: EDWARD FINISHES UNCOVERING THE BOMB.

31. INT: KULCADE'S OFFICE AT MI5

FX: OFFICE DOOR CLOSSES ON OFFICE ACTIVITY — TYPING, PAPER SHUFFLING, OUTSIDE. KULCADE AND DOCTOR SHAKE HANDS.

KULCADE:

A pleasure to meet you at last, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

And you, Agent Kulcade.

KULCADE:

Mr Churchill has mentioned you from time to time. I'm aware that your activities are too 'top secret' even for the likes of MI5.

CHURCHILL:

The Doctor has been an invaluable asset to King and country.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure we all did our bit for the war effort.

KULCADE:

And now you're helping the Prime Minister look into these peculiar thefts?

DOCTOR:

That's right. Especially now that Downing Street has been targeted—

CHURCHILL:

(INTERRUPTING) Right before the election. Can it be that they timed it deliberately?

DOCTOR:

A threat of worse to come, perhaps?

KULCADE:

The previous thefts have been in high profile venues, but always at night, and never with a whole household in the vicinity.

DOCTOR:

So the thief is getting bolder. Or more reckless. It would be helpful to see what you have on the other cases?

KULCADE:

Of course, I'll fetch the files. (GOING TO FILING CABINET) Although I must say it rather smacks of showing off to me.

FX: FILING CABINET DRAWER PULLED OUT, KULCADE SORTS THROUGH FILES.

DOCTOR:

Really? I think it's more likely desperation. Our thief needs to gather resources as quickly as possible.

CHURCHILL:

(MUSING) He's in debt, perhaps?

DOCTOR:

Or needs to leave the country in a hurry.

CHURCHILL:

Funny you should mention that...

32. EXT: ALLEYWAY

FX: MONK AND ALICIA'S FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN NARROW ALLEYWAY

MONK:

You walk this route on your own?

ALICIA:

Sometimes, it can be quicker.

MONK:

Rather off the beaten track. Don't you think it might be a little dangerous?

ALICIA:

Why? Does the dark make you nervous?

MONK:

I laugh in the face of danger, my dear. I was just thinking, a young woman, alone...

FX: MUGGER STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF THEM.

MUGGER:

He's right. That's always a bad idea.

MONK:

(LAUGHS) Oh for goodness sake!

FX: MUGGER RAISES REVOLVER, CLICK OF CHAMBER.

MUGGER:

Hand over the bag... and your wallet.

MONK:

(SOBERING) Are you serious?

MUGGER:

Deadly.

ALICIA:

Look. There's no need for any trouble. (STEPPING FORWARD) Here's my bag! (ON 'BAG' SHE PUNCHES THE MUGGER HARD IN STOMACH)

MUGGER:

Oof! What the...?

FX: HE STAGGERS BACK, CLATTER AS GUN FALLS.

ALICIA:

I'd advise you not to try again.

MONK:

I'd listen if I were you.

MUGGER:

You shut up! And you...

FX: HE RUNS AT HER. SHE PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE, THEN DUCKS.
AN EFFICIENT BOXING MATCH ENSUES

ALICIA:

(PUNCHES HIM, THEN DUCKS. CONFIDENTLY BOXES WITH HIM)

MUGGER:

Oof! (FIGHTING BUT GETTING VERY HURT) Ow! Bleedin' Nora!
Alright... how do you like that? (PUNCHES HER HARD)

FX: MUGGER GETS A STRONG PUNCH IN

ALICIA:

Argh! (ANGRY, FIGHTING) Didn't... anyone... tell you... you should...
never hit a lady?

MONK: (JUST OFF)

(SEARCHING) That's it. You keep him busy. I'm sure that gun
went over here somewhere.

ALICIA:

(PANTS BRIEFLY AS IF IN PAIN) Ha!

FX: SHORT BURST OF SIZZLING FIRE

MONK: (JUST OFF)

Yes! I've got it.

MUGGER:

(SINGED) Argh... aaaargh!

FX: MUGGER RUNS OFF, HIS SLEEVE SLIGHTLY BURNING. THE MONK
PICKS UP THE REVOLVER AT THE SIDE OF THE ALLEY.

ALICIA:

(CALLS) Going so soon? We were just getting started! (TO MONK)
Thanks for the 'protection'.

MONK:

You clearly didn't need it. I fully support the emancipation
of women.

ALICIA:

How liberated.

MONK:

What did you do to him there? I couldn't see. It looked like his sleeve was on fire when he ran off.

ALICIA:

Did it? Must have been a trick of the light

MONK:

Yes, must've been. (BEAT) Listen, my own place isn't that far from here. How about we have a cup of tea and a chat? People love tea, don't they?

ALICIA:

A chat? What about?

MONK:

I'd love to know how you see yourself contributing to this next stage of history. Perhaps we can help each other in some way?

ALICIA:

Possibly. I'm always open to new opportunities.

MONK:

Excellent. Follow me. We have lots to talk about.

33. EXT: BOMBED OUT STREET, DUSK

FX: SCRABBLING, STUMBLING FEET AS EDWARD AND THE POLICEMAN CARRY THE BOMB OVER THE RUBBLE.

POLICEMAN:

(EFFORT, STILL IN TRANCE) I... should arrest you.

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) Yeah, you probably should, but I'll be long gone by the time your head clears. Right, bring it over here by the storm drain.

FX: THEY SLOW

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) Lower it... gently... that's it. Don't want it going off, do we?

POLICEMAN:

(EFFORT) You... are under arrest... for theft.

FX: THEY PLACE THE BOMB DOWN

EDWARD:

(STRAIGHTENING UP) That's right, you got me. But first you need to head back to your bike down the other end of the street. See it?

POLICEMAN:

(TRANCE) The other end of the street.

EDWARD:

Off you go, then.

POLICEMAN:

Yes, I need my bike... so I can arrest you.

FX: POLICEMAN STUMBLES OFF. EDWARD PULLS DRAIN COVER OFF, SLIDES BOMB INTO THE DRAIN

EDWARD:

(EFFORT OF PUSHING) And you... are coming with me, my beauty. I've got a job for you. (PUSHES)

FX: PUSHES BOMB DEEPER INTO DRAIN. HE FOLLOWS IT IN

34. INT: MONK'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL

FX: FRONT DOOR OPENS, MONK AND ALICIA ENTER

MONK:

My humble abode. Let me take your coat.

ALICIA:

Thank you.

FX: MONK HANGS HER COAT.

MONK:

And I'll just check my post.

FX: HE PICKS UP LETTERS AND GIZMO FROM HALL TABLE

ALICIA:

I won't stay long. What is that?

MONK:

This little gizmo?

FX: Bleeps and hum as gizmo fires up

MONK:

It's just a sort of... hmm, now what would you call it? Oh yes, a stun gun.

FX: SUDDENLY STUNS ALICIA'S NECK

ALICIA:

(GASP AND CRY AS SHE IS STUNNED, COLLAPSES)

FX: THE MONK CATCHES HER.

MONK:

(CATCHING HER) My first visitor. Do stay as long as you like.

35. INT: KULCADE'S OFFICE AT MI5

FX: THE DOCTOR LEAFS THROUGH PAPERS IN A FILE

DOCTOR:

So we have a series of thefts; someone spiriting away valuable works of art – works of national importance – over the space of a few days.

CHURCHILL:

It's actually been going on for months. Possibly years.

DOCTOR:

And they've all used this strange heat method?

KULCADE:

That's right. We're assuming it may be Soviet or German technology, developed during the war.

DOCTOR:

(SCOFFS) Yes, because they've totally got to grips with re-atomisation by now.

CHURCHILL:

Have they?!

DOCTOR:

No.

CHURCHILL:

Oh, I see. Goodness, do you think it might be... er... [alien]?

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) I can't say yet.

CHURCHILL:

(SIGHS) Here we go again.

KULCADE:

Sorry, I don't understand.

FX: DOCTOR THROWS FILE DOWN AND BEGINS TO STROLL AROUND ROOM, FIDDLING WITH ITEMS

DOCTOR:

Meanwhile, you also believe that there's a high profile spy somewhere here at MI5, who's plotting his escape from the country?

CHURCHILL:

His, or her escape.

FX: DOCTOR TWIDDLES WITH CRYSTAL RADIO

KULCADE:

Yes, but that's a separate case.

DOCTOR:

Is it?

KULCADE:

Of course. Would you mind putting that down? It's a rare crystal radio, from World War One.

FX: DOCTOR TURNS OFF THE RADIO AND PUTS IT DOWN

DOCTOR:

Sorry. You're a collector?

KULCADE:

Of sorts. You were saying...?

FX: DOCTOR PICKS UP ANOTHER ITEM, SPINS IT, LIKE A METAL TOP.

DOCTOR:

So, someone is gathering as much money and as many assets as possible.

KULCADE:

(PAINED) If you wouldn't mind?

FX: DOCTOR PUTS THE ITEM DOWN

DOCTOR:

Sorry. All these lovely spy gadgets. Anyway... to sell national treasures, our thief would need black market contacts.

CHURCHILL:

To offload them to private collectors, presumably?

DOCTOR:

On the very darkest network. But this isn't just about profiting. This is about causing Britain pain. The sort of thing a sore loser might do, don't you think? Someone who backed the other side in the war?

CHURCHILL:

You're not saying... No, surely not! You think our thief might be connected to our spy?!

DOCTOR:

Think about it. You're stuck in enemy territory. You want a life of luxury when you return to Germany. It's tempting to kick sand in your opponent's face on the way out, isn't it?

KULCADE:

Forgive me, but this is all very far-fetched. Any master criminal would have the same contacts and desire for wealth.

DOCTOR:

But not the same sense of urgency. It's all speculation of course. But let's find out more about your double agent, just in case. (TO SELF) That's an odd sort of lamp on top of that cabinet.

CHURCHILL:

Sorry?

FX: DOCTOR CROSSES THE ROOM AND PULLS OVER A CHAIR.

KULCADE:

That investigation has only just begun. (IRRITATED) Could you please leave that lamp alone?

FX: THE DOCTOR STANDS ON A CHAIR AND FIDDLES WITH LAMP.

DOCTOR:

(PEERING) Yes... it's just there's an odd configuration here. If I just unscrew this bulb then... (UNSCREWS BULB) Ah. There's something in here you might want to see.

FX: HE UNSCREWS THE LIGHTBULB AND STEPS DOWN. CHAIR SCRAPES AS KULCADE JOINS HIM. CLICK OF EQUIPMENT AS THE DOCTOR TAKES IT APART.

KULCADE:

What? What is it?

FX: CLICK, AS DOCTOR PUTS A SMALL DEVICE DOWN ON THE DESK.

DOCTOR:

A bug.

KULCADE:

What?!

CHURCHILL:

Good lord!

DOCTOR:

Someone has been spying on you, Agent Kulcade. Any idea who?

36. INT: CELL, IN THE CELLAR OF A HOUSE

FX: ALICIA BANGS ON THE BARS, PACES THE FLOOR

ALICIA:

(FURIOUS, BANGING ON BARS) Argh! (CALLS) Let me out of here. These bars won't hold me. You don't know who you're dealing with! You have no idea!

FX: ALICIA STOPS. GRIPPING THE BARS

ALICIA:

(QUIETER) I don't want to hurt you, but I will if I have to. (LOUDER) Do you hear me?! (DESPERATE) Let me out! Argh! (DEEP BREATH, AS BEFORE, AS SHE SUMMONS HER POWER TO TRY TO MELT THE BARS)

FX: BRIEF CRACKLE AND SIZZLE OF HER POWERS. ALICIA STOPS AND STUMBLES BACK.

ALICIA:

(GASP, THEN SOTTO) No... (CALLING) Please... I don't want to be left behind.

37. INT: UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

FX: EDWARD'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS TRUDGE AS HE PULLS A BOMB ALONG ON A TROLLEY, WHEELS SQUEAKING. THIS IS A NETWORK OF EARTH TUNNELS. HE STOPS AT A METALLIC DOOR.

EDWARD:

System, allow entry.

SYSTEM:

Entry granted.

A HUM/BEEP AS METAL DOOR OPENS.

EDWARD:

(UNDER BREATH) Well 'Mr Smith', this might not be one of your co-ordinates... but it's definitely one of mine. (HEFTS TROLLEY)

FX: HEFTS TROLLEY OVER THRESHOLD.

38. INT: ALIEN CRAFT (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: EDWARD'S FOOTSTEPS RING ON METALLIC FLOOR, WHEELING TROLLEY.

EDWARD:

System, lights on the bridge!

SYSTEM:

Complying.

FX: SHIP LIGHTS FLICKER ON. EDWARD PULLS TROLLEY THROUGH DOORWAY INTO THE BRIDGE

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) Right... let's get you into position.

FX: HE WALKS TO A COMPARTMENT. BEEPS AS HE PRESSES BUTTONS. HUGE 'LID' SPINS OPEN. EDWARD PUSHES TROLLEY AND SLIDES BOMB INTO THE COMPARTMENT.

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) There you go.

FX: PRESSES BUTTONS, LID SPINS CLOSED. EDWARD PATS LID, WALKS ACROSS ROOM, PRESSES BUTTONS ON A CONSOLE. A GLOWING FUEL CONSOLE GRINDS UP, THROBS WEAKLY, CLEARLY FAILING.

EDWARD:

(SIGHS) System, how much stem energy do we have left?

SYSTEM:

You have approximately 24 hours before stem energy failure.

FX: TAPS AND BEEPS. CONSOLE RETRACTS

EDWARD:

One chance. Just one... and then we can go home.

FX: HE HURRIES OUT

39. INT: KULCADE'S OFFICE AT MI5

FX: DOCTOR SCANS BUG WITH SONIC SCREWDRIVER.

DOCTOR:

Curious kind of listening device. With a built-in relay.

CHURCHILL:

Whose is it? Looks much smaller than any of ours. Don't tell me the Russians have overtaken us!

KULCADE:

(CONTAINED FURY) This is... this is outrageous.

DOCTOR:

Do you think this gadget was here all through the war?

KULCADE:

No. My office was regularly swept during wartime. And that lamp is new. (TO SELF) This is something more recent.

CHURCHILL:

But why would someone place you under surveillance now, after V.E. Day?

KULCADE:

(ANGRY) I don't know. (LYING) I can only assume it must be our spy, keeping an eye on the investigation.

CHURCHILL:

We need to flush that blaggard out. Who's had access to your office?

KULCADE:

Just Agent Dowan and myself. No-one else could have gained entry without our full supervision.

DOCTOR:

Agent Dowan you say? Now there's an unusual young woman.

KULCADE:

Meaning?

DOCTOR:

We should probably ask her some questions, that's all. She said she was going home, didn't she?

FX: KULCADE HEADS OFF, TAKES COAT FROM DOOR.

KULCADE:

Let's go and speak to her now.

FX: CHURCHILL RISES

CHURCHILL:

Right you are

DOCTOR:

Not you, Winston! You have an election to prepare for. I'll talk to Alicia and meanwhile... (HANDS OVER PAPERS)

FX: RUSTLE OF PAPER

DOCTOR:

I've jotted down some notes. Ideas that I think will guarantee the right outcome. Promise me you'll look at them?

FX: CHURCHILL TAKES THE PAPERS

CHURCHILL:

Oh very well.

DOCTOR:

I'll come back later this evening to help you practice that speech. Without the ubiquitous 'Simon Saunders' sticking his oar in.

CHURCHILL:

That's probably wise.

FX: KULCADE PUTS ON HIS JACKET AND OPENS DOOR

KULCADE:

I'll come with you, Doctor. I need to eliminate Agent Dowan from our enquiries. It looks like she has some explaining to do.

FX: THEY EXIT. DOOR CLOSES

40. INT: CELLAR, CONTAINING CELL

FX: ALICIA RATTLES THE BARS OF HER CELL. KICKS THE CHAIR WITHIN.

ALICIA:

(ANGRY) Urgh! I know you're watching me. What are you waiting for? (YELLS) I don't have time for this! (BEAT) Alright then. (PANTS AS IF IN PAIN, CRIES OUT)

FX: SIZZLE AND FIZZ OF INTENSE HEAT. STOPS ABRUPTLY.

ALICIA:

(BREATHLESS) It doesn't work.

FX: THE MONK'S SLOW FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

MONK: (APPROACHING)

No, it doesn't. Do you want to ask me why?

ALICIA:

(BEAT) Why?

FX: MONK STOPS AND TAPS ON BARS.

MONK:

I've adjusted the molecular structure of these metal bars to withstand that clever 'atomic agitation' thang you do.

ALICIA:

Mr Saunders. I don't know what you're talking about.

MONK:

Oh, come on. I didn't buy the fainting maiden act, back at Downing Street. Not a scorch mark on you. And the fisticuffs in the alleyway... That mugger's sleeve spontaneously combusting? You're not exactly local, are you?

FX: ALICIA SHAKES THE BARS.

ALICIA:

Let me out.

MONK:

All those melted walls Winnie's been worrying about. That's your 'gift', isn't it? Shaking up the electron exchange between atoms, transporting them through the air, through walls even. Then miraculously reconstructing them in a new location. Shazam!

ALICIA:

It sounds impressive when you put it like that.

MONK:

It is! But your whole species is impressive, isn't it? Enhanced olfactory senses, neuron manipulation, the ability to produce almost nuclear heat – and that rudimentary teleportation. Of course, the skills vary between each individual, but it's a tasty selection box.

ALICIA:

Who are you?

FX: HE LEANS IN CLOSER

MONK:

(CLOSE) I'm someone with a vested interest in the election result and your shenanigans could disrupt my plans. I've put a whole heap of work into this moment in time. (CLOSE) So before I decide to cut you out of the picture – so to speak – you tell me... what's a Cindran doing on this planet?

41. EXT: ALICIA'S TOWN HOUSE, EVENING

FX: RAINING LIGHTLY, STREETS ARE WET. OCCASIONAL CARS SPLASH PAST IN DISTANCE. THE DOCTOR PUTS DOWN HIS UMBRELLA AS HE AND KULCADE HURRY UP THE STEPS TO THE DOOR.

KULCADE:

Probably better if I speak to Agent Dowan first, alone.

DOCTOR:

He who sings last sings loudest.

KULCADE:

What's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR:

Old Gallifreyan proverb. You knock, I'll ring.

KULCADE:

Fine.

FX: DOCTOR RINGS THE BELL. KULCADE RAPS ON KNOCKER

(PAUSE)

FX: RINGS BELL AGAIN. KNOCKER. BEAT. DOCTOR OPENS LETTER BOX

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Miss Dowan? Alicia? Hellooo? It's the Doctor. You know, the bomb de-fuser? Can I have a word?

FX: DOCTOR RAPS SEVERAL TIMES

KULCADE:

No lights on.

FX: THEY STEP BACK

DOCTOR:

Not in.

KULCADE:

She must be here.

FX: HE RINGS AGAIN. OPENS LETTER BOX

KULCADE:

Dowan? It's me. Open the door. Now! (TO DOCTOR) What's that noise?

FX: SONIC, MUFFLED UNDER COAT. THE DOOR UNLOCKS.

DOCTOR:

(INNOCENTLY) I didn't hear anything. (TRYING HANDLE) Oh, the door's open. That's a piece of luck. Shall we take a look?

FX: HE STEPS INSIDE.

KULCADE:

Who leaves their front door unlocked?

FX: HE FOLLOWS

42. INT: CELLAR, CONTAINING CELL

FX: MONK PACES OUTSIDE CELL.

MONK:

I'll ask again, what are you doing here?

ALICIA:

I'm just trying to get home.

MONK:

What's stopping you?

ALICIA:

Right now, you!

MONK:

No, I mean, how come you're on Earth, of all places?

ALICIA:

(BEAT) Our ship crashed. Three years before this planet's ridiculous war.

MONK:

Rubbish timing. Mind you, there's always some kind of war going on here. Humans. They're so... fight-y. How many of you?

ALICIA:

Me and my brother. Our parents were killed, we were just children. I wasn't lying about that.

MONK:

Oh boo-hoo. I'm afraid sob stories don't really do it for me. How are you planning to get home?

ALICIA:

We fixed the ship. It took us years, but we did it.

MONK:

Why haven't you gone already?

ALICIA:

In case you haven't noticed, there's been quite a lot of activity in the skies! And we still need to recover one final component. But in two days, we'll have it. We'll be out of your way forever.

MONK:

(LAUGHS) I'm afraid that's a big fat no-no. I can't let you launch a Cindran spacecraft right before the election! People would be too scared to come out of their houses, let alone vote!

ALICIA:

You don't understand. It's our last chance. We've been on Earth too long. Our ship's core energy stem is failing. It only has a few more hours left in it. If we don't fly soon we'll be stuck here.

43. INT: ALICIA'S HOUSE

FX: DOCTOR DESCENDS STAIRS, KULCADE STRIDES TO MEET IN HALLWAY

DOCTOR:

Definitely out. On a school night too. Could she be visiting family? Out with friends?

KULCADE:

She doesn't have either, as far as I know, and she's not supposed to go anywhere without notifying me.

DOCTOR:

Why ever not?

KULCADE:

Classified, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR:

My favourite kind of information. Well, if she's our spy and she knows we're onto her, maybe she's bolted?

KULCADE:

(DARKLY) She has nowhere to go.

DOCTOR:

Right. (BREEZILY) Looks like we'll have to speak to her tomorrow then, assuming she comes back.

FX: DOCTOR OPENS FRONT DOOR.

KULCADE:

(TO SELF) She'd better.

FX: DOCTOR HEADS OFF.

DOCTOR:

(OVER SHOULDER) I'm off to Downing Street. To check our Prime Minister's done his homework.

44. INT: CELLAR, CONTAINING CELL

FX: MONK STEPS FORWARD, CLOSE TO BARS.

MONK:

I understand your frustration, but would being stuck here really be so bad?

ALICIA:

What?

MONK:

Staying on Earth, with me. A creature with your abilities could be very useful. And who knows, one day, I might even give you a lift somewhere.

FX: ALICIA STARTS SHAKING THE BARS.

ALICIA:

Not again. No, I won't let you use me. You can't hold me here. We're almost ready to go. Now! (PANICKED) I can make you rich. I'll tell you where the stolen artworks are. Just let me go!

MONK:

(LAUGHS) Really? Wow.

ALICIA:

I have to get home. I've lived through a world war on a world that isn't even mine. I hate this planet! I hate it!

MONK:

(LEANS IN, CLOSE) Well... let's see if you've warmed up a bit when you've been down here a couple of days, eh?

FX: HE MAKES TO LEAVE BUT SHE GRABS HIM THROUGH THE BARS. THE FIZZ AND CRACKLE OF HER POWERS.

ALICIA: (FX DISTORT)

No!

MONK:

Get off! Let go of my hand!

ALICIA: (FX: DISTORT)

Not until you release me.

FX: SHE BEGINS TO SCORCH HIM THEN HER WHOLE BODY BURSTS INTO FLAMES

MONK:

(IN PAIN, TERRIFIED) No... Ow! No...! (HE SCREAMS IN AGONY)

END OF EPISODE 2

EPISODE 3

45. INT: CELLAR CONTAINING CELL

REPRISE

ALICIA:

I have to get home. I've lived through a world war on a world that isn't even mine. I hate this planet! I hate it!

MONK:

(LEANS IN, CLOSE) Well... let's see if you've warmed up a bit when you've been down here a couple of days, eh?

FX: HE MAKES TO LEAVE BUT SHE GRABS HIM THROUGH THE BARS. THE FIZZ AND CRACKLE OF HER POWERS.

ALICIA: *(FX DISTORT)*

No!

MONK:

Get off! Let go of my hand!

ALICIA: *(FX: DISTORT)*

Not until you release me.

FX: SHE BEGINS TO SCORCH HIM THEN HER WHOLE BODY BURSTS INTO FLAMES

MONK:

(IN PAIN, TERRIFIED) No... Ow! No...! (HE SCREAMS IN AGONY)

SCENE CONTINUES:

FX: FISS/HISS OF BURNING. MONK STRUGGLES AND SCRABBLES FOR STUN GUN IN HIS POCKET — BLEEPs AND HUM AS BEFORE.

MONK:

(EFFORT GETTING GUN, STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE HER GRIP) Let go!

FX: USES STUN GUN ON ALICIA. FIRE FX STOPS IMMEDIATELY, ONLY STEAM REMAINS. SHE SLUMPS.

ALICIA:

(CRIES OUT, COLLAPSES)

FX: MONK DROPS STUN GUN, HOPS BACK IN PAIN

MONK:

(HOPPING IN PAIN) Ow! Ouch! Urgh, that'll be a nasty blister. Sleep it off, Agent Downan. I'll be back to see you... after I've changed history.

MUSIC TRANSITION TO NEXT DAY.

46. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET, NEXT MORNING

FX: CHURCHILL PACING, HOLDING SHEETS OF PAPER. DOCTOR POURS TEA.

DOCTOR:

So, to pick up where we left off last night.

CHURCHILL:

(YAWNS) Are you sure we need this many revisions?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely positive. That 'Gestapo' reference is the powerful statement you need. Today's rallies are crucial. The final push of your campaign.

CHURCHILL:

I was under the impression we were a guaranteed win already.

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. These changes are just the icing on the cake, the butterfly on the bonnet, the whiskers on the -

CHURCHILL:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, alright. So we're emphasising the focus on Japan and Russia and talking less about domestic issues now. More about the war, yes?

DOCTOR:

That's more like it. Lay it on thick about 'the evil of socialism'. They'll love all that.

CHURCHILL:

Really? Attlee's socialist Manifesto actually seems quite popular.

DOCTOR:

It's all talk. Nobody really believes in free healthcare for everyone! How's that going to work?!

CHURCHILL:

Exactly, it's all very well in principle, but someone has to pay for it. Try telling the British public that.

DOCTOR:

Yes, do tell them! It's exactly what they need to hear.

FX: A SHARP KNOCK AT THE DOOR, DOOR OPENS, MONK ENTERS, HOLDING A TELEGRAM

MONK:

(BREATHLESS) Starting without me? Bit rude.

CHURCHILL:

Good morning, Saunders. We've been here since last night. I wouldn't have expected you to join us at such an ungodly hour.

MONK:

(SUSPICIOUS) Oh? How come?

DOCTOR:

A few minor revisions on today's speeches.

MONK:

But we'd already signed off on the content...

CHURCHILL:

Yes, but the Doctor has been most helpful in clarifying my original vision.

MONK:

Has he, now? What's he changed, exactly?

DOCTOR:

We've re-focused on what's best for the country.

MONK:

And you know what that is, do you?

DOCTOR:

I do.

MONK:

Even though you've never even tried another way?

DOCTOR:

You don't know what I've tried.

MONK:

Oh-ho, I've seen quite the back catalogue, believe you me!

CHURCHILL:

Gentlemen...

DOCTOR:

I'll tell you this much. Interfering with the natural order always, always has consequences that you can't possibly foresee.

MONK:

I've watched history repeat itself again and again, humanity making idiotic mistakes and abjectly, pathetically, failing to evolve!

DOCTOR:

Because they're human! Let them learn from their own mistakes!

CHURCHILL:

(BEAT) I see this acquaintance does, indeed, run deep.

MONK:

Sorry. We, er... both feel passionately about this election.

CHURCHILL:

Evidently. Is that telegram for me, Saunders?

MONK:

Oh yes, your toffee-nosed secretary asked me to bring it in. She really doesn't like me.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Can't think why not...

CHURCHILL:

Let's have it, then.

FX: MONK PASSES THE TELEGRAM

CHURCHILL:

(READING IT) Westminster Police have had a tip-off. A potential bomb attack in central London. In the next two days.

MONK:

(SIGH) Typical! That's all we need.

DOCTOR:

Winston? You don't appear surprised.

FX: CHURCHILL OPENS A DRAWER, TAKES OUT FILE.

CHURCHILL:

I have a file. Come with me.

FX: CHURCHILL EXITS ABRUPTLY, DOCTOR AND MONK FOLLOW.

47. INT: CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET (FOLLOWING ON)

CHURCHILL, MONK AND DOCTOR HURRY ALONG.

DOCTOR:

Who would threaten an attack? Why?

CHURCHILL:

A number of unexploded bombs have been stolen from unexcavated air raid sites in the past few weeks.

MONK:

What?! Don't you think that's something you could have told me about?

CHURCHILL:

It's a national security matter. Your domain is politics.

DOCTOR:

How many bombs?

CHURCHILL:

We can't be certain. Numerous.

MONK:

(TO SELF) Oh for goodness sake, there aren't usually bombs at this point.

DOCTOR:

What leads do you have?

CHURCHILL:

A few witness statements, one or two photographs. A group of youths have been seen. Take a look.

FX: CHURCHILL PASSES FILE TO DOCTOR, WHO FLICKS THROUGH.

DOCTOR:

Hard to make out faces, although... Seem familiar?

FX: HE STOPS, HOLDING PHOTO FOR MONK AND CHURCHILL TO SEE

MONK:

That's the boy from the truck.

CHURCHILL:

The one who shoved Miss Dowan?

DOCTOR:

Yes. She recognised him. I'm sure of it.

CHURCHILL:

You think she's involved?

DOCTOR:

Highly likely. She knows a lot about bombs for one thing.

FX: THEY SET OFF AGAIN, INTO ANOTHER CORRIDOR

48. EXT: BACK STREET, LONDON, MORNING

FX: DRAIN COVER LIFTED FROM BELOW AND PUSHED ASIDE. EDWARD CLIMBS OUT.

EDWARD:
(EFFORT, CLIMBING OUT)

FX: HE DRAGS THE DRAIN COVER BACK AND HURRIES OFF. FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW HIM. HE STOPS. THEY STOP. HE SWIVELS ROUND

EDWARD:
Who's there?

FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

EDWARD:
(WARY) Mr 'Smith'. I thought you said it was too dangerous to meet face-to-face.

KULCADE:
The situation's changed. Where is she?

EDWARD:
Who?

KULCADE:
Your sister.

EDWARD:
Alicia? With you, as far as I know. Ever since V.E. Day. I've kept away from her, like you wanted.

KULCADE:
She's missing.

EDWARD:
What? When?

KULCADE:
Last night.

EDWARD:
You said you'd keep her safe. What did you do?

KULCADE:
Nothing. She completed a job for me, then went home, as usual.

FX: HE COCKS A PISTOL

EDWARD:
Oi, what's with the gun?!

KULCADE:

Have you two been spying on me?

EDWARD:

What?!

KULCADE:

You and your sister. You've had me under surveillance.

EDWARD:

Why would we?! We already know you're a thief! We're in on it, remember? Whether we like it or not.

KULCADE:

I want to know one thing. Are you planning to double cross me?

49A. INT: ANOTHER, LARGER CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET

FX: DOCTOR, MONK AND CHURCHILL WALKING. DOCTOR HANDS FILE BACK

DOCTOR:

Any idea who those youths might be?

CHURCHILL:

We think they reside at a halfway house for troubled boys, just off Charing Cross Road. We've no concrete evidence of their involvement, though.

DOCTOR:

Whoever is involved, they have a remarkable knack for finding unexploded shells.

CHURCHILL:

Remarkable indeed. We'll have to put London on high alert. Police and army on standby. And cancel today's rallies of course.

MONK:

What? No! Too late for that. Trafalgar Square's this afternoon! The crowds will be there already, waving flags, eating ham sandwiches, whatever these people do. You'll cause a panic if you evacuate now.

DOCTOR:

It pains me to say it, Winston, but he's right. Your campaign must go ahead as planned. The public must hear your final speeches before they vote.

CHURCHILL:

(PAUSE) I trust your judgement, Doctor. I'll brief my staff in the cabinet room, and meet you at the car. We'll drop you at this halfway house to make enquiries. In the meantime, will you talk Saunders through the changes to the speech?

DOCTOR:

If I must.

FX: CHURCHILL OPENS DOOR TO CABINET ROOM

STAFF WT: (IN ROOM BEYOND)
(HUBBUB OF BUSY GENERAL DISCUSSION)

CHURCHILL:

Thank you. (ENTERING) Good morning all. Let's get on.

FX: ONCE INSIDE, CHURCHILL CLOSES DOOR. (RECORDING BREAK)

49B. INT: LARGER CORRIDOR, DOWNING STREET (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOCTOR AND MONK ARE LEFT ALONE IN CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:

Are you the one gathering those bombs?

MONK:

Who, sir? Me, sir? Not guilty, your honour! (LAUGHS)

FX: MONK STROLLS OFF, CORRIDOR ECHOES. DOCTOR FOLLOWS.

DOCTOR:

What are you really up to?

MONK:

Oh, just looking to shape the whole future of a species with a few radical policies.

DOCTOR:

'The National Narcissist Party'?

MONK:

This namby-pamby goody-two-shoes 'let's make everyone equal' nonsense doesn't work! You know that. All beings are not created equal. Look at us - we're Time Lords! We've got the right to make these decisions!

DOCTOR:

A sense of entitlement is not a qualification.

MONK:

Societies work better in the long run with clear social strata.

DOCTOR:

Rich and poor? Strong and weak?

MONK:

Carrots and sticks.

DOCTOR:

The needier people are, the more helpless and hopeless, the easier they are to control. (REALISATION) You fancy yourself as a leader here!

MONK:

If the cap fits... Power, money, a soupcon of manipulation. My needs are simple.

DOCTOR:

You think Winston Churchill is someone to be manipulated?

MONK:

It was going so well, until you showed up.

DOCTOR:

You realise a potential bomb attack would affect everything.

MONK:

(SIGHS) Possibly.

DOCTOR:

Neither of us wants this to happen. We should set aside our differences. For the greater good.

MONK:

Urgh. (SIGH) Yes alright. A temporary truce, stop the bombs.

DOCTOR:

Good enough, for now. By the way, did you walk Alicia all the way home last night?

MONK:

Of course. I'm nothing if not a gentleman. Why?

DOCTOR:

Agent Kulcade and I called by. She wasn't in.

MONK:

Shock, horror, hold the front page! 'Young woman leaves her house'.

DOCTOR:

Yes, except she's not allowed. Kulcade has her under curfew.

MONK:

Ah well. Young people, eh? Never do as they're told.

DOCTOR:

That's a nasty burn on your hand. Did you get that last night?

FX: MONK STEPS AWAY, HIDING HAND.

MONK:

Cooking accident, at my lodging house. Cheese on toast.

DOCTOR:

I find that hard to believe.

MONK:

I know, everything about me screams *cordon bleu*. But who doesn't love a mature cheddar? Shall we head to the car?

FX: THEY HEAD OUT

DOCTOR:

I'm watching you. Be careful.

MONK:

Careful? It's my middle name.

50. EXT: BACK STREET, LONDON

FX: EDWARD PACING AND AGITATED, KULCADE HOLDING A GUN ON HIM.

EDWARD:

Double-cross? Why would we? You've had us working for you from the day you found us.

KULCADE:

Would you rather I'd left you in that children's home to rot?

EDWARD:

I still had to grow up there, didn't I? You kept an eye on me, but Alicia was the one smart enough to be trained up for your lah-di-dah Agency. I'm just your sniffer dog.

KULCADE:

But you've been such a good dog. Funny... I still don't know how you do what you do, even after all these years.

EDWARD:

Ooh, it's magic Mr Kulcade, didn't you know?

KULCADE:

No, I think it's something else, but if I'm honest, I don't really care. Are all explosives in position, ready for tomorrow?

EDWARD:

Some. But I'm not doing any more till we've found Alicia.

KULCADE:

You'll do as I tell you.

EDWARD:

Shoot me and you'll have a problem finding someone to set those bombs.

FX: KULCADE PUTS GUN AWAY

KULCADE:

(SIGH) Meet me under Aldwych Station in one hour. And if you are tempted to double-cross me, bear in mind, I've some interesting information about that art thief the police are looking for. Oh, and you can forget that little relic from your dead parents.

EDWARD:

You promised you'd give that back. It's all we have left of them!

KULCADE:

Haven't you learned yet, Edward? My promises are conditional – I don't always keep them. Make sure you're there tonight.

FX: KULCADE WALKS AWAY

EDWARD:

(TO SELF) I don't always keep my promises either.

51. INT: CHURCHILL'S CABINET ROOM

FX: PAPERS BEING PASSED AROUND

STAFF WT:

"Could you pass me that one?" "Have you seen this document yet?" "Do you have the photographs?" "Pass it down this end."

CHURCHILL:

(ABOVE WT) Gentlemen, gentlemen... and ladies. We have gathered some not insubstantial evidence around these bomb thefts. I am grateful for your efforts. Fifty-five devices have been purloined, of which we were aware. We must assume that there are others of which we were not aware. We have no choice but to put London on high alert for a possible attack.

FX: SOME STAFFMEMBERS HURRY OUT

STAFF WT:

"Yes sir!" (OTHERS CONCERNED HUBBUB) "High alert? In peacetime?" "Should we tell the press?" "How are we going to explain this one to the public?" etc.

CHURCHILL:

(CALLS) Prepare all Downing Street officials for a possible cancellation of tomorrow's election.

FX: HE EXITS

52. INT: CELL, IN CELLAR OF MONK'S HOUSE

FX: ALICIA STIRS ON THE FLOOR, THEN STANDS

ALICIA:

(STIRS, GROANS, STANDS UP) Hello? Saunders? (TO SELF) Whoever you are. (GATHERS HERSELF)

FX: SCUFF OF FEET AS SHE LOOKS AROUND

ALICIA:

Ah... That stun gun... (STRETCHES TO REACH) Got ya.

FX: QUICK BLAST OF STUN GUN ONTO LOCK. SPATTER OF ELECTRONICS. CELL DOOR CLICKS UNLOCKED

ALICIA:

Right.

FX: HINGES SQUEAK AS ALICIA PUSHES CELL DOOR OPEN, AND STEPS OUT.

53. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS ROYCE

FX: CAR MOVING FAST.

DOCTOR:

That's enough explosives to cause total devastation.

CHURCHILL:

Exactly, thousands could be killed. My instinct was right, we must call off the rallies.

MONK:

No, no, no! Mr Churchill, we can't let these would-be bombers affect election procedure. That's an attack on democracy itself. I say the show must go on!

CHURCHILL:

But that may put countless lives at risk. Doctor, what say you?

DOCTOR:

I say we try and prevent an attack by following the leads we have, starting with our Borstal boy.

CHURCHILL:

And the rallies?

MONK:

They'll be fine, perfectly fine.

DOCTOR:

Much as I hate to say it, I think they should go ahead... for now.

MONK:

Did you just agree with me, Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't go that far.

CHURCHILL:

There's the halfway house. (CALLS) Driver! Stop here.

FX: ROLLS PULLS UP. DOCTOR OPENS DOOR.

54. EXT: STREET, NEXT TO CHURCHILL'S ROLLS (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: DOCTOR GETS OUT OF CAR.

DOCTOR:

(GETTING OUT) I'll update you as soon as I have anything.
Focus on the speech and don't change a single word, Winston!

CHURCHILL:

If you're sure that's the best way?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely positive.

MONK:

Right, off you trot then, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(LEANING INTO CAR) And off you trot as well, 'Saunders'. You need to go and find Alicia.

MONK:

What? Why?

DOCTOR:

She's involved somehow.

MONK:

And that's my problem because...?

DOCTOR:

You were the last one to see her, and she could be the key to all this. Check her lodgings, look for clues.

MONK:

(SCOFFS) I think you'll find I take my instructions from Mr Churchill.

CHURCHILL:

Do as he says, Saunders.

MONK:

(SULKY) Fine. (GETTING OUT) I'll look for the wretched girl.

FX: THE MONK GETS OUT AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Doctor's orders. Good luck!

FX: DOCTOR HEADS OFF UP STEPS. MONK KNOCKS ON CAR WINDOW.

MONK:

(GRUMBLING) I'll give him luck. (ALOUD) Mr Churchill, I'll catch up with you on the campaign trail!

CHURCHILL: (THROUGH WINDOW)

With Miss Dowan, I hope. (TO DRIVER) Drive on!

FX: CAR DRIVES OFF.

MONK:

(SOTTO, CHILDISH) Yes, with Miss Dowan. I'd love you to meet her when her dander's up - flames bright and fingers scorching. 'PM consumed by burning ambition!' Now that's a headline...

55. EXT: OUTSIDE THE HALFWAY HOUSE

FX: TRAFFIC PASSING, CHILDREN PLAYING IN STREET. BORSTAL BOY BOUNCING A BALL OFF THE WALL

BORSTAL BOY:

(KICKING BALL) Yeah, that's Edward in the picture, mister.

DOCTOR:

I see. And he lives here, with you?

BORSTAL BOY:

(KICKING BALL) That's right, mister. When he's not messing around in the drains.

DOCTOR:

Drains?

BORSTAL BOY:

He goes down the manhole in the alley over there. Reckons folk drop all kinds down the gratings. I wouldn't do it. Not for pennies.

DOCTOR:

Where is he now? I need to find him, urgently.

BORSTAL BOY

Give us a shilling.

FX: DOCTOR PATS HIS POCKETS.

DOCTOR:

I don't tend to carry...

FX: JANGLE OF COINS FROM DOCTOR'S POCKET

DOCTOR:

Ah, sorry, those are Drusillian.

FX: POCKETS COINS

BORSTAL BOY:

No money, no help. (PICKING UP BALL) You a copper?

FX: BOY RUNS OFF

DOCTOR:

Wait! (SIGH) The alley...

56. INT: UNDER ALDWYCH UNDERGROUND STATION

FX: KULCADE AND EDWARD MOVE ABOUT POSITIONING BOMBS, HURRIEDLY CLEARING SANDBAGS OUT OF THE WAY, THEIR FEET SCUFFING DUSTY FLOORS

KULCADE:

(IRRITATED) I wasn't expecting all this mess.

EDWARD:

(HEFTING BAGS) Same as anywhere that was used as an air raid shelter.

KULCADE:

We don't want these sandbags dulling the blast. They could have cleaned up after themselves.

EDWARD:

Didn't need to, this tunnel's been closed for years.
(STRAIGHTENS UP) You should have seen it during the war.

KULCADE:

Why?

EDWARD:

They kept artworks from the museums down here, to protect them from the bombing. (MOVES ANOTHER BAG) You could have saved yourself a whole heap of bother and swiped 'em all at once.

FX: EDWARD MOVES SANDBAG TO THE WALL

KULCADE:

I suppose you think you're funny?

EDWARD:

Just saying. You didn't need to keep putting Alicia in danger. There must be easier ways of making money.

KULCADE:

(MOVING SANDBAGS) She did the job. Now I've a comfortable retirement plan.

EDWARD:

Bully for you, except now Alicia's missing and you don't give a monkey's!

KULCADE:

She'll turn up. She has nowhere to go, remember?

EDWARD:

What about our family heirloom?

KULCADE:

(EFFORT) Ah yes, your parent's strange little crystal. I thought it might be valuable. Perhaps it's worth more than I realised?

EDWARD:

(EFFORT) It's worth nothing to you.

KULCADE:

But a great deal to you.

EDWARD:

(GRABS KULCADE) Give it back!

FX: HIGH PITCH SOUND FADES IN

KULCADE:

(EFFORT) Don't try that on me. (EFFORT) I've learned to resist your little party trick. Enough! (PUSHES EDWARD OFF HIM. BEAT) Every bomb needs to be ready.

EDWARD:

Most of them are set up, I told you.

KULCADE:

I need them all primed and moved into position. The timing must be perfect. This is my one chance to get out.

FX: EDWARD SHIFTS SANDBAGS

EDWARD:

(TO SELF) You and me both.

57. INT: MONK'S CELLAR/SIDE ROOM

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS, A RAT SQUEAKS. ALICIA TRIES A MAIN DOOR. IT'S LOCKED.

ALICIA:
(SIGH) Locked...

SHE WALKS ON AND PUSHES A CREAKY DOOR AND WALKS IN

ALICIA:
What's in here? (GASPS)

FX: OFF, FRONT DOOR CLOSSES. ALICIA CROUCHES, FLIPS THROUGH FRAMES STACKED ON THE FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

ALICIA:
I don't believe it...

FX: MONK ENTERS BEHIND HER

MONK:
Ah. Admiring your handiwork?

FX: HE CLOSSES DOOR.

ALICIA:
(GASP) Saunders! These are-

MONK:
...some of the paintings you stole? Careful. That one's sold. Wouldn't want to scratch it.

FX: SHE DROPS FRAMES AND STEPS BACK

ALICIA:
(SCARED) What's going on? How do you have them?

MONK:
Questions, questions. The most important one being "why are you out of your cell?"

ALICIA:
I don't understand. Is Mr Kulcade working with you?

MONK:
(LAUGHS) Not what you'd call knowingly, no. But you could say I've been scratching his back, while he scratches mine.

ALICIA:
What are you talking about?

FX: MONK STROLLS AND REARRANGES THE FRAMES

MONK:

Political campaigns aren't cheap you know. It takes deep pockets and a lot of palm-greasing. Luckily, I have all the right contacts when it comes to selling one-of-a-kind items. You'd be shocked at my commission rates. They even make me wince. But in this market, I'm worth every penny.

58. EXT: BACK STREET, LONDON

FX: PIGEON COOS, DRAIN COVER SCRAPES, PIGEON FLUTTERS SKYWARD,
DOCTOR APPROACHES, CROUCHES, LIFTS DRAIN COVER

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) Nothing ventured... (CLAMBERS IN) Nothing drained...

FX: DOCTOR CLIMBS IN. DRAIN COVER CLANGS DOWN

59. INT: DRAIN BELOW STREET (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: DOCTOR LANDS ON PUDDLES.

DOCTOR:

(LANDING) Euurrrgh!

FX: SWITCHES ON SONIC

DOCTOR:

Ah. This way...

FX: HE SPLASHES OFF THROUGH PUDDLES, SONIC BUZZING.

60. INT: MONK'S CELLAR, SIDE ROOM

FX: MONK FINISHES TIDYING THE FRAMES.

MONK:

There. All in order.

ALICIA:

You're the fence?

MONK:

Guilty. Not that Kulcade knows. I'm simply a mysterious third party. Or is it fourth? Reminds me, I must to call the Earl of Harchester. He's very interested in those Downing Street portraits.

ALICIA:

But why? Why help a thief when you work for the government?

MONK:

Not the original plan, I'll admit. At first, I just wanted to keep a beady eye on Kulcade's spying activities.

ALICIA:

His work at MI5?

MONK:

(LAUGHS) Among other things. I had to make sure he didn't affect any of my plans. Once the grand larceny started, it was well worth the price of a lamp, so I could pop in a little surveillance device. Of course, if I'd known all along he had a Cindran helping him, I'd have asked for the Crown Jewels.

ALICIA:

What are you going to do now?

FX: MONK BACKS OUT.

MONK:

I just need to keep you out of the way a little longer. Then we can come to an agreement about working together.

FX: LOW FIZZLE AS ALICIA TRIES TO USE HER POWERS

ALICIA:

I won't let anyone use me again. (FRUSTRATED ROAR) Let me go home. Please! I'm running out of time.

FX: MONK DASHES OUT AND LOCKS DOOR.

MONK:

(DASHING OUT) Aren't we all, dear girl, aren't we all?

(OUTSIDE, CALLING) Try not to set the world on fire while you wait!

FX: RAT SQUEAKS

ALICIA:

(SOBS) Please...

61. INT: UNDER ALDWYCH UNDERGROUND STATION

FX: BEEPS AS EDWARD TINKERS WITH BOMB TIMER

KULCADE:

Hurry up. This is taking too long.

EDWARD:

That's all you ever say to me. 'Hurry up!' 'I need more bombs!' 'Do as you're told!' How about telling me why?

KULCADE:

The less you know the better.

FX: DOCTOR EMERGES.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure I agree with you there.

FX: KULCADE AND EDWARD SCRAMBLE BACK, KULCADE COCKS PISTOL

KULCADE:

Doctor! How did you- [find us?]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Probably not a good idea to fire a gun near so many explosives.

KULCADE:

(COVERING FOR HIMSELF) Don't tell the boy that. I'm about to arrest him.

EDWARD:

What?!

KULCADE:

(STILL LYING) I've cornered our mysterious bomb collector, Doctor. You can help me bring him in.

DOCTOR:

(GRIM) Don't bother, Kulcade.

KULCADE:

I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR:

And so you should. What's your plan? A bullet in the back once we're safely in the tunnels?

KULCADE:

I don't know what you mean-

DOCTOR:

For me, at least. I expect you still need this young man. (TO EDWARD) Hello, I'm the Doctor. You must be Edward?

EDWARD:

What's it to you?

DOCTOR:

I've been investigating the missing bombs. And now I have the answers.

KULCADE:

You don't know anything. And you never will. Edward, grab him!

EDWARD:

(HESITATING) And do what?!

KULCADE:

Tie him up. He wanted to find the bombs. Now he can stay and see them in action.

EDWARD:

That's murder!

KULCADE:

Do as you're told if you want to see your sister. (TO EDWARD) Move!

FX: THEY ALL CIRCLE EACH OTHER

DOCTOR:

A young man with a talent for finding bombs and a young woman with a talent for defusing them. Siblings. Edward and Alicia. And Mr Kulcade pulling your strings.

EDWARD:

You know Alicia? Where is she?

KULCADE:

Shut up and grab him!

FX: SLIGHT SCUFFLE AS EDWARD LUNGES AND THE DOCTOR EVADES

EDWARD:

(EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

(DODGING) The bombs are your endgame, aren't they? Because you've already done much more.

KULCADE:

You know nothing! Keep guessing, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Interesting how you spent the whole war with a double agent in the ranks and you'd no idea. (BEAT) It must be very tedious now, having to investigate yourself!

KULCADE:

Get him!

EDWARD:

No. I want to hear what he has to say.

DOCTOR:

A traitor at the top of the agency. An MI5 bigwig, siphoning information back to the Germans.

EDWARD:

Is that true?!

KULCADE:

This is all conjecture. You have no proof, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I might not. But Simon Saunders has.

KULCADE:

What?!

DOCTOR:

That bug in your lamp. It wasn't Earth technology. I did wonder if I might have placed it there. Or will place it there... But it makes much more sense if it's him.

KULCADE:

(SIGH) Hitler had the right idea. I admired him from the very beginning. His vision was extraordinary.

DOCTOR:

Another dyed-in-the-wool Nazi. (EDGING BACK TO TUNNEL) I'm bored of your company, Kulcade. But there's something else in these tunnels I would like to see.

FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER.

KULCADE:

Where are you going? (CHUCKLES, RAISING GUN) You do realise, now you're away from the shells, I can-

FX: KULCADE FIRES, HITTING STONEMWORK, AS THE DOCTOR DODGES

DOCTOR: (GOING OFF)

(DODGING) Must dash! (CALLING, RUNNING OFF) You should do the same, Edward!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS OFF ALONG TUNNEL. KULCADE STEPS FORWARD, RELOADING GUN.

KULCADE:

Dammit! He's gone!

EDWARD:

You wanted Germany to win?

KULCADE:

What does it matter to you, boy? (URGENT) Listen to me. The only thing you should care about is your freedom. If you want it - and if you want Alicia to survive -

EDWARD:

Don't you hurt her!

KULCADE:

-then you'll get after that man and make sure he doesn't reach the surface. Understand?

EDWARD:

Alright. I'll find him. (RELUCTANTLY GOES)

FX: EDWARD RUNS AFTER DOCTOR.

KULCADE:

(CALLING) Don't forget, I've got your family treasure too! (TO SELF) I hate working with amateurs.

62. EXT: LARGE LONDON SQUARE, AFTERNOON

FX: LARGE CROWD, QUIETLY JOSTLING. CHURCHILL ON PODIUM. SLIGHT FEEDBACK ON MIC

CHURCHILL: (FX: MIC)

(CONFIDENT) No Socialist Government conducting the entire life and industry of the country could afford to allow free, sharp, or violently-worded expressions of public discontent. They would have to fall back on some form of Gestapo, no doubt very humanely directed in the first instance.

CROWD WT:

(GASPS AND SHOCKED REACTIONS) "What? Gestapo?" "Who's he comparing to Hitler's lot?" "That's a bit harsh that is." "He says Attlee's like the Nazi's" "Don't like that." "That's unfair." Etc.

CHURCHILL: (FX: MIC)

(LESS CONFIDENT)... and this would nip opinion in the bud; it would stop criticism as it reared its head, and it would gather all the power to the supreme party and the party leaders, rising like stately pinnacles above their vast bureaucracies of Civil servants, no longer servants and no longer civil.

CROWD WT:

(MORE DISCONTENT)

FX: MIC FEEDS BACK AS CHURCHILL STEPS AWAY

CHURCHILL:

(TO SELF) Well thank you for the advice, Doctor. That went down like a barrage balloon. Where's Saunders when you need him?

63. INT: SAUNDERS' CAR

FX: CHURCHILL'S SPEECH FROM PREVIOUS SCENE IS PLAYING ON RADIO UNDER FOLLOWING. SAUNDERS TAPS ON DIVIDING WINDOW.

CHURCHILL: (ON RADIO)

No Socialist Government conducting the entire life and industry of the country could afford to allow free, sharp, or violently-worded expressions of public discontent.

FX: SAUNDERS TAPS ON DIVIDING WINDOW.

MONK:

(OVER THIS) Driver, pump up that volume please?

CHURCHILL: (ON RADIO)

They would have to fall back on some form of Gestapo, no doubt very humanely directed in the first instance.

CROWD WT:

(DISCONTENT)

MONK:

(EXASPERATED) Urgh!

CHURCHILL: (ON RADIO)

...and this would nip opinion in the bud; it would stop criticism as it reared its head (FADES OUT)

MONK:

Switch it off. (TO SELF, FURIOUS) Damn you, Doctor. You had to get that line back in, didn't you? (TO DRIVER) Get me to Westminster, pronto. (TO SELF) I need to make some director's cuts, before Mr Churchill sinks his whole campaign.

64. INT: KULCADE'S OFFICE AT MI5

FX: KULCADE IS PACKING DOCUMENTS AND FILES INTO HIS BRIEFCASE.
KNOCK AT DOOR

KULCADE: (CALLS THROUGH DOOR)
Not now.

SECRETARY 2: (THROUGH DOOR)
Everything alright, Mr Kulcade?

KULCADE:
Fine. Never better.

SECRETARY 2: (D)
It's just... Miss Fulton on the front desk said you seemed agitated?

FX: OPENING DRAWERS, TAKING OUT PAPERS

KULCADE:
In a hurry, that's all. I've a few days holiday, and remembered I needed some files while I'm away.

SECRETARY 2: (D)
Oh. Going somewhere nice?

KULCADE:
Somewhere I've been planning to go for a long time.

SECRETARY 2: (D)
Well, if you need anything...

KULCADE:
Thank you. I think I've already got everything I need from here. (REMEMBERS SOMETHING) Ah!

FX: CLOSSES BAG, MAKES TO GO, THEN REMEMBERS AND GOES BACK.
PICKS UP CRYSTAL RADIO

KULCADE:
My crystal radio. Mustn't leave you behind.

FX: PUTS IT IN BAG AND HEADS TO THE DOOR.

65. INT: DRAIN TUNNEL, DEEPER UNDERGROUND

FX: EDWARD RUNS IN AND SLOWS.

EDWARD:

(BREATHLESS) Doctor, are you there? I won't hurt you. I'm not like Kulcade.

FX: DOCTOR STEPS FORWARD.

DOCTOR:

No, you're not. I suspect you're very different indeed.

FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS SOFTLY ON METALLIC DOOR

DOCTOR:

This is a Cindran ship, isn't it? Right underneath Westminster, by my reckoning. It's yours?

EDWARD:

(BEAT) System, allow access.

FX: DOOR SWIVELS OPEN

EDWARD:

(GUARDED) After you.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

FX: THEY ENTER THE SHIP

66. INT: FLIGHT DECK OF CINDRAN SHIP (FOLLOWING ON)

FX: FAINT WHEEZE AND BEEP OF DYING ENERGY STEM. DOCTOR AND EDWARD ENTER. EDWARD DASHES TO GRAB A LAZER WEAPON — IT POWERS UP.

EDWARD:

(PANICKY THROUGHOUT) Now who are you really?

DOCTOR:

Not you too... There's no need for weapons. I want to help you.

EDWARD:

Help me blow up London? I don't think so!

DOCTOR:

That's not your plan, it's Kulcade's.

EDWARD:

How did you recognise a Cindran ship?

DOCTOR:

I'm very well-travelled. Please, give me the gun.

FX: DOCTOR STEPS CLOSER.

EDWARD:

Stay back!

FX: EDWARD FIRES AT HIS FEET.

DOCTOR:

(REACTS) Now there's no need for that.

FX: DOCTOR STEPS FORWARD

EDWARD:

Don't move.

DOCTOR:

You won't shoot me, Edward. Not if you're a Cindran. They're not people who kill easily.

EDWARD:

How do you know what we are?!

FX: ENERGY STEM STARTS TO POWER DOWN

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Ah, doesn't sound healthy. Is that your ship's energy stem?

EDWARD:

Stay back! Don't touch it! I don't know whose side you're on.

FX: THE ENERGY STEM GROWS WEAKER, FALTERING

DOCTOR:

Let me take a look. Your power source sounds like it's dying.

EDWARD:

No! (PANICKING) Don't touch anything! I just have to... I have to check...

FX: HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND RAISES UP THE STEM. IT THROBS WEAKLY

EDWARD:

No, no, no, not now. Just a few more hours, please!

DOCTOR:

Let me help.

FX: LOW FIZZ AND CRACKLE FROM EDWARD

EDWARD:

(SHOUTS) No! I don't trust you. I don't trust anyone! (PANTS, AS IF IN PAIN, BURNING FX) Aaaargh!

FX: FLAMES IGNITE AROUND HIM.

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN) Edward, stop... it's too hot! (FALLS TO HIS KNEES)

EDWARD: (FX, BURNING WITH POWER)

I told you to stay back. I... I can't stop it now.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, IN PAIN) Turn off the flames...

EDWARD: (FX)

(PANICKING) I can't. I'm sorry.

FX: FLAMES BURN MORE FIERCELY

DOCTOR:

(IN AGONY) Turn them off, Edward! Turn them off!! Aaaargh!

END OF EPISODE 3

EPISODE 4

67. INT: FLIGHT DECK OF CINDRAN SHIP

REPRISE OF SCENE 66

DOCTOR:

Let me take a look. Your power source sounds like it's dying.

EDWARD:

No! (PANICKING) Don't touch anything! I just have to... I have to check...

FX: HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND RAISES UP THE STEM. IT THROBS WEAKLY

EDWARD:

No, no, no, not now. Just a few more hours, please!

DOCTOR:

Let me help.

FX: LOW FIZZ AND CRACKLE FROM EDWARD

EDWARD:

(SHOUTS) No! I don't trust you. I don't trust anyone! (PANTS, AS IF IN PAIN, BURNING FX) Aaaargh!

FX: FLAMES IGNITE AROUND HIM.

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN) Edward, stop... it's too hot! (FALLS TO HIS KNEES)

EDWARD: *(FX, BURNING WITH POWER)*

I told you to stay back. I... I can't stop it now.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, IN PAIN) Turn off the flames...

EDWARD: *(FX)*

(PANICKING) I can't. I'm sorry.

FX: FLAMES BURN MORE FIERCELY

DOCTOR:

(IN AGONY) Turn them off, Edward! Turn them off!! Aaaargh!

SCENE CONTINUES:

FX: FLAMES BURNING. ENERGY STEM THROBS LOUDER THEN POWERS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(IN AGONY) Aaargh!

EDWARD: (FX)

No! No!! (HE STAGGERS)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) Let me try...

FX: HE TURNS ON SONIC, AFTER A MOMENT THE STEM POWERS UP AGAIN.

EDWARD: (FX FADING OUT)

Oh, thank the stars.

FX: EDWARD'S FLAMES STUTTER, THEN STOP

EDWARD:

How... did you do that? It's powered up again!

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN) Ah... sonic screwdriver. Useful little gizmo.

EDWARD:

Are you alright?

DOCTOR:

A tad singed.

EDWARD:

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

DOCTOR:

(RECOVERING) I know. It's an emotional instinct in your species. You can't always control it.

EDWARD:

I can't believe you've fixed the stem.

DOCTOR:

(STANDING) Not fixed I'm afraid. I've just prolonged its life a little so the whole engine doesn't die.

EDWARD:

Will it keep working till tonight?

DOCTOR:

Why tonight?

EDWARD:

It's the one time we can fly without being noticed.

DOCTOR:

Because of the bombs? Hmm. In any case, you need a new stem crystal. This one won't get you far. You'll barely reach the upper atmosphere before crashing back to Earth.

EDWARD:

I know. The ship had a spare. My father had it on him, when he got us out of the ship, Alicia and me. To hospital. Then he died. Kulcade took it.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I sensed something in his office. I was brought in to investigate the thefts... Alicia's work, I presume?

EDWARD:

Ah.

DOCTOR:

Kulcade's been exploiting your Cindran abilities.

EDWARD:

I'm a 'finder'. My sister's a 'mover'.

DOCTOR:

Quite an operation he's been running.

EDWARD:

There are bombs all over London. People will be hurt, while he gets away.

DOCTOR:

I saw the shells under Aldwych. Where else is he targeting? DO you know the locations?

EDWARD:

Some, but not all. (ASHAMED) I didn't want to help him. I thought he might hurt Alicia.

DOCTOR:

We'll make sure she's alright, I promise. When's it due to start?

EDWARD:

In an hour. First Trafalgar Square. Then Aldwych. After that... I don't know.

DOCTOR:

Right, I'll defuse the ones back there. Then I must get to Winston!

FX: HE HEADS OFF.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) And you need to fetch your stem crystal from MI5. Come with me, Edward!

FX: EDWARD HURRIES AFTER

68. INT: HALLWAY OF MONK'S LODGING HOUSE

FX: DOORBELL RINGS VIGOROUSLY. LANDLORD WALKS UP, OPENS DOOR

LANDLORD:

(GASPS) Mr Churchill?

CHURCHILL:

Yes, yes, it's me. I'm in a considerable hurry and I need to speak to Simon Saunders. Is he in?

LANDLORD:

(IN AWE) Come in, Sir. Mr Saunders' rooms are downstairs.

69. INT: OUTSIDE MONK'S INTERNAL DOOR (MOMENTS LATER)

FX: CHURCHILL RAPS ON THE DOOR

CHURCHILL:

Saunders! Are you in there? I need to revise my speech for the next rallies. The first one was an unmitigated disaster, thanks to the Doctor's changes! Saunders? (HUFFS) It would be helpful to have my so-called advisor in the vicinity.

ALICIA: (DISTANT, INSIDE APARTMENT)

Help! Help me!

CHURCHILL:

What? (CALLS LOUDER) Who's there?

ALICIA: (DISTANT, INSIDE APARTMENT)

I'm here! I'm trapped!

CHURCHILL:

Good Lord. Has he... got a woman locked up in there?! (CALLS BEHIND HIM) Landlord? You need to open this door.

FX: LANDLORD'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, KEYS JANGLE

70. INT: DRAIN TUNNELS

FX: THE DOCTOR AND EDWARD SPLASH ALONG. DOCTOR SLOWS. A BURST OF SONIC

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Here's where we part ways. Aldwych is safe, so I'm heading for Trafalgar Square. This ladder will take you into the MI5 lavatory block. Glamorous, I know.

FX: EDWARD CLIMBS ONTO METAL LADDER

EDWARD:

What about the staff?

DOCTOR:

There won't be many. Everyone's out on bomb alert. Use your 'finder' skills to reach Kulcade's office. Look through his collection of spycraft equipment. I'd lay money that your spare power stem is inside an antique crystal radio set.

Take it to your ship. I'll bring Alicia as soon as I can.

EDWARD:

You know where she is?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. But I know who does.

71. INT: MONK'S CELLAR, OUTSIDE SIDE ROOM

FX: CHURCHILL APPROACHES, ALICIA HAMMERS DOOR FROM INSIDE

ALICIA: (THROUGH DOOR)
Here, I'm in here!

CHURCHILL:
(APPROACHING) Good grief. Let's get you out.

FX: CHURCHILL DRAWS TWO BOLTS AND OPENS DOOR, ALICIA RUSHES OUT, HUGS HIM

CHURCHILL:
Oof!

ALICIA:
(HUGGING HIM) Oh Mr Churchill, thank you so much!

CHURCHILL:
Now then, there you are. Everything's as it should be.

ALICIA:
I thought I'd be trapped forever.

CHURCHILL:
How did you come to be in there?

FX: THE MONK HURRIES DOWN STAIRS INTO CELLAR.

MONK:
(CALLING) Because I found out she's the naughty little spy you've been chasing!

ALICIA:
What?! He's lying!

CHURCHILL:
Saunders, what on Earth is going on?

MONK:
I'd heard there was a double agent at MI5.

CHURCHILL:
That was top secret information.

MONK:
Well, if truth be told, there are some terrible gossips at your agency. Anyway, I found Miss Dowan in possession of a surveillance file. On her boss. She's been tracking Kulcade's private activities.

FX: MONK HANDS CHURCHILL A FILE.

CHURCHILL:

(TO ALICIA) Is this true?

ALICIA:

No! That's his file. I've never seen it before in my life!

CHURCHILL:

Why would Saunders have a file on Kulcade?

ALICIA:

Because Saunders is not who he says he is.

CHURCHILL:

Who is he then?

ALICIA:

I don't know! He abducted me last night and kept me locked up ever since.

MONK:

Convincing, isn't she? Quite the actress. The award's in the bag, my dear.

CHURCHILL:

Did you keep this young woman here against her will?

MONK:

I made an executive decision. She's a danger to national security. The last thing we need right now! I was planning to tell you, of course, after the rallies.

ALICIA:

Mr Churchill, please let me go. I promise, I'll disappear.

MONK:

What, let a spy go free without facing trial? Sorry, that's not the British way.

CHURCHILL:

Quiet Saunders, let me think!

MONK:

(QUIETLY) You are due in Trafalgar Square rather imminently..

CHURCHILL:

The speech we worked on. Do you have a copy?

MONK:

Tattooed on my heart.

CHURCHILL:

Yes, well... Miss Dowan, my apologies, but we'll need to detain you until we can hand you over to the security services.

ALICIA:

No!

CHURCHILL:

For now, you'll accompany us. Under citizen's arrest. We are on a very tight schedule.

FX: MONK MANHANDLES HER UP THE STAIRS

MONK:

Off we go! Let's be having you.

ALICIA:

(STRUGGLING) Get off! You don't understand. I must go now. Please!

72. EXT: OUTSIDE BUILDING

FX: DRAIN COVER PUSHED OFF, DOCTOR CLIMBS OUT, DASHES OVER AND TRIES A DOOR. IT'S LOCKED.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. (EFFORT)

FX: GLASS SMASHES.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, REACHING)

FX: HE PULLS LEVER. FIRE BELL STARTS RINGING INTERMITTENTLY.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Fire! Everybody out! Evacuate the building!

OFFICE WORKERS WT: (OFF, INSIDE)

(CONCERN, EVACUATING)

FX: DOCTOR DASHES BACK TO MANHOLE.

DOCTOR:

Not subtle. But does the job. (EFFORT, CLIMBING IN)

FX: DRAIN COVER PULLED OVER. PEOPLE HURRY OUT OF BUILDING.

OFFICE WORKERS WT:

(CONCERN, EVACUATING)

73. INT: MONK'S OFFICE, MI5

FX: CLATTER AS EDWARD SEARCHES THROUGH EQUIPMENT.

EDWARD:

(SNIFFING, SOTTO) It was here... It should be here...

FX: OPENS DRAWERS, OPENS CUPBOARDS.

EDWARD:

No radio. The Doctor got it wrong. (GASP, FREEZING AS)

FX: FOOTSTEPS PASS OUTSIDE.

SECRETARY 2: (OUTSIDE, FADING OFF)

He didn't say. No idea when Mr Kulcade will be back.

EDWARD:

Time to go.

FX: HE GOES TO DOOR, THEN HURRIES OFF.

74. INT: KULCADE'S CAR:

FX: CAR SPEEDING ALONG, RADIO PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC. KULCADE TUNES AM RADIO.

BROADCASTER: (RADIO)

[We hear that] ...the Prime Minister's car has now arrived. After some speculation, the rally in Trafalgar Square will continue as planned.

KULCADE:

(CHUCKLE) Not quite as planned...

FX: CHANGES GEAR AND DRIVES ON.

75. EXT: TRAFALGAR SQUARE

FX: CROWD OF SPECTATORS APPLAUDS. CHURCHILL, MONK AND ALICIA APPROACH THROUGH SQUARE.

CROWD WT:
(CHEERS)

CHURCHILL:
(CLOSE, HURRYING) Well, we're here.

MONK:
(CLOSE, HURRYING, MANHANDLING ALICIA) Right on time.

ALICIA:
(CLOSE, MANHANDLED) I'd rather have stayed in the car.

FX: THEY STOP BESIDE PODIUM.

MONK:
What, and scoot off as soon as our backs are turned? You'll wait here by the podium, next to little old me.

CHURCHILL:
Miss Dowan, my apologies. We simply don't have time to resolve the matter until these speeches are done.

ALICIA:
(HUFFS)

MONK:
Now remember, domestic focus, the common man. Hoi-polloi and Britain all the way.

CHURCHILL:
Yes, yes. Let's hope for a better response.

FX: CHURCHILL MOUNTS PODIUM

CROWD WT:
(MORE CHEERS)

ALICIA:
You're hurting my arm.

MONK:
Just keeping you close, dear girl. Wouldn't want you getting lost in the crowd.

76. INT: KULCADE'S CAR:

FX: CAR SPEEDING ALONG, RADIO PLAYING

BROADCASTER: (ON RADIO)

And as Mr Churchill approaches the podium, the crowd stills, to hear this, his penultimate speech before this most historic of general elections.

KULCADE:

Goodbye, Mr Churchill. And good riddance.

FX: CAR ACCELERATES ON.

77. EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE

NB – Repeat of Scene 1

FX: A FEW DISTANT VEHICLES PASS BY

WT: A HUGE CROWD BURBLES GENTLY THROUGHOUT.

CHURCHILL: *(FX: MIC)*

Today, with this most crucial general election but one day away, I ask for the support of all men and women of good intent. Together, playing our respective roles, we shall restore the country that we knew; Our great nation. Our Great Britain!

WT: CROWD CHEERS, CLAPS.

FX: MIC FEEDS BACK AS CHURCHILL STEPS DOWN

CHURCHILL: *(CLOSE)*

That was more along the lines of what we discussed, wasn't it?

MONK: *(CLOSE)*

Spot on. The perfect balance, well done, Sir! If you're not re-elected tomorrow I'll eat my hat. And yours!

CHURCHILL:

Let's hope you're right Saunders. Your advice has been invaluable.

MONK:

Trust me, you simply cannot lose, Mr Churchill, and post-war Britain will be all the better for it. (GRITTED TEETH) Don't you agree, Miss Dowan?

ALICIA:

How should I know?

FX. A SUDDEN, HUGE EXPLOSION NEARBY.

CROWD WT:

(SCREAMS, PANICS, RUNS)

CHURCHILL:

What on Earth?!

MONK:

(IRRITATED) Marvellous. Back to the car, quickly!

ALICIA:

Let me go!

MONK:

Uh-uh, you're coming with us.

CHURCHILL:

It will be safer, Miss Dowan.

FX: THEY HURRY DOWN FROM THE PODIUM

CHURCHILL:

So the bombings weren't an idle threat!

MONK:

Apparently not.

FX: ANOTHER HUGE EXPLOSION NEARBY

CROWD WT:

(SCREAMS, PANICS MORE)

CHURCHILL:

The car's on the other side of this crowd.

MONK:

Every road out of Trafalgar Square is blocked anyway! Dammit, the stupid cattle are stampeding. We'd be crushed!

FX: A SCRAPE, THEN ANOTHER, NEAR THEIR FEET. A MANHOLE COVER IS PUSHED OFF.

DOCTOR: (IN HOLE)

Ah, there you are!

ALICIA:

Doctor!

CHURCHILL:

Doctor? What's happening?

DOCTOR:

Don't dawdle. Time waits for no man. Come down and I'll explain as we go.

MONK:

Sorry, you're suggesting the Prime Minister evacuates the scene through a sewer?

DOCTOR:

Needs must when the devil drives.

MONK:

(EXASPERATED) Right, then. The Doctor thinks he's in charge. As usual.

SHORT MUSIC TRANSITION.

78. INT: SEWER, BELOW TRAFALGAR SQUARE

FX: DOCTOR, MONK, CHURCHILL AND ALICIA HURRY THROUGH PUDDLES.

CHURCHILL:

This is an outrage!

MONK:

Must be carnage up there.

DOCTOR:

On the contrary, no fatalities so far. I evacuated two office buildings and a department store.

MONK:

Of course you did. Show-off.

CHURCHILL:

Who's doing this? What can they possibly hope to achieve?

DOCTOR:

Alicia, tell Mr Churchill. It's alright, you're free of his influence now.

CHURCHILL:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Kulcade planted the bombs.

CHURCHILL:

(STOPPING) 'MI5' Kulcade?!

ALICIA:

Yes.

CHURCHILL:

You're saying the man to whom I entrusted the protection of this country's secrets is now bombing us? Utter nonsense!

(SETS OFF)

DOCTOR:

It's true, Winston. He was a German spy all through the war. These bombs are a final revenge, as he makes his escape.

CHURCHILL:

So is Saunders right? Miss Dowan's a spy too? Or was she spying on him? I'm losing track.

ALICIA:

No! I had nothing to do with any of that. I only knew Kulcade was a thief.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid Miss Downan is involved in the matter of the art thefts.

CHURCHILL:

Good grief! (STOPPING)

FX: THEY ALL STOP.

CHURCHILL:

Let's take a moment. You're uncharacteristically quiet, Saunders.

MONK:

Just taking it all in. The Doctor's quite the little conspiracy theorist.

DOCTOR:

It's only a theory if you don't have proof.

MONK:

And that proof is...?

DOCTOR:

I can't explain everything right now. Winston, your immediate priority is to get to Parliament and speak to the Cabinet. They'll be gathered, awaiting orders for this emergency. You need to be there.

CHURCHILL:

How am I supposed to get to Westminster from here?

DOCTOR:

You're about half a mile's jog away.

CHURCHILL:

Half a mile?! Jogging?!

FX: BURST OF SONIC

DOCTOR:

Straight on, first ladder on your right.

CHURCHILL:

(SETTING OFF) The things you have me do, Doctor.

FX: CHURCHILL HURRIES OFF

MONK:

I'll come with you, Prime Minister.

CHURCHILL:

(CALLS BACK) No Saunders, you help the Doctor.

MONK:

(SOTTO, GRUMBLING) I'd rather eat my own ears. (CALLS) Yes, yes, sir, of course!

ALICIA:

I must find my brother.

DOCTOR:

He's on your ship.

MONK:

Ship? There's a ship now?

ALICIA:

(SETS OFF) Then I'll go there-

DOCTOR:

(GRABS HER ARM) I need your help to defuse the other bombs, Alicia. I can't do it alone.

ALICIA:

We must leave today. Now.

DOCTOR:

I know. And I promise I'll help you as best I can. But we must prevent a massacre. I realise these humans aren't your people, but remember what they've been through these past few years. Don't you think they deserve some peace?

ALICIA:

How will you find the bombs?

DOCTOR:

I'm hoping Kulcade left clues in his office. Come on.

MONK:

(SIGHS) I started today roaming the corridors of power, now I'm running through sewers.

DOCTOR:

How appropriate. It's where you find rats, after all.

FX: THEY RUN ON

79. INT: BRIDGE OF CINDRAN CRAFT

FX: EDWARD RUNS IN. PRESSES BUTTONS ON A CONSOLE

EDWARD:

(BREATHLESS) System, how much stem energy?

FX: GLOWING FUEL CONSOLE GRINDS UP, THROBS WEAKLY

SYSTEM:

Stem energy will fail in approximately ninety minutes.

EDWARD:

Alicia, where are you?!

80. INT: KULCADE'S OFFICE

FX: MAYHEM IN STREET BELOW, CARS RACING, HORNS HONKING.
DOCTOR, ALICIA AND MONK ENTER. DOCTOR STARTS SEARCHING DRAWERS

SOTTO THROUGHOUT

ALICIA:

Edward's been here?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I told him to search Kulcade's collection of spying mementos. When I was here the other day, I had a sense of something alien. Now I realise it was your parents' crystal.

ALICIA:

(BITTER) He had it right under my nose.

DOCTOR:

Hopefully Edward has it now. It might buy you more time.

MONK:

How do you get to your ship, as a matter of interest?

DOCTOR:

Second star on the right and straight on till morning.

MONK:

Ha ha.

FX: DOCTOR CLIMBS ON A CHAIR. OPENS CURTAINS

ALICIA:

Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

First rule of spy school. Always keep your plan nearby.

MONK:

Seriously? Would he really do something so foolish?

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) Here's hoping.

ALICIA:

(CONFUSED) You think he hid it in the curtains?

FX: DOCTOR UNSCREWS CURTAIN POLE FINIAL

DOCTOR:

No, (REACHES FINGERS IN) in the curtain pole. Ta da!

FX: HE PULLS OUT A METAL CYLINDER. JUMPS DOWN FROM CHAIR

DOCTOR:

(LANDING)

MONK:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

Empty gun shell, containing..

FX: HE UNSCREWS LID, PULLS OUT SPOOL OF MICROFILM

DOCTOR:

(PEERING) ..microfilm.

FX: ALICIA OPENS A CUPBOARD

ALICIA:

There's a reader in this cupboard. Here!

FX: SHE BRINGS IT TO THE DESK. DOCTOR FEEDS MICROFILM THROUGH, READING IT

DOCTOR:

Let's see. Aldwych, Trafalgar Square.. we know about those..

FX: A PAUSE, THEN THE DOCTOR STANDS ABRUPTLY

DOCTOR:

And ten bombs directly under Parliament, in the basement ventilation system. Timed for eight p.m.!

MONK:

Ha! You've just sent Churchill to his doom!

DOCTOR:

(READING MICROFILM) Kulcade had everything planned. He's marked the private airstrip he's heading for. His funds in a Swiss account. Hmm. Last four digits redacted - I suppose it's best to keep some secrets to himself- (SHOVED)

MONK:

(PUSHING DOCTOR OUR OF WAY) Let me see that. He's squirrelled away millions! Girl, pass me a pen!

DOCTOR:

Focus on what's important! Ten bombs. In less than an hour. I don't see any way to stop it. History's already on a knife edge. If Winston dies..

FX: MONKS SCRIBBLING NOTES, TEARS OFF PAPER.

MONK:

I spy an opening... And the good old British public would rally behind someone who single-handedly captures a triple agent.
(HEADS FOR DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Where are you going?

MONK:

To seize my moment. (HEADING OUT) And I've always wanted to drive that Rolls...

FX: MONK HURRIES OUT. DOCTOR WAITS A MOMENT.

DOCTOR:

(PAUSE) Good. Wind him up, and watch him go.

ALICIA:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

I can't be everywhere. And I did need to take care of Kulcade.

ALICIA:

But Mr Churchill... The bombs. You said-

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, Alicia. We're going to save history!

81. INT: CABINET ROOM, WESTMINSTER

CABINET WT:

"What the blazes is going on?" "Who's bombing us, for heaven's sake?" "The war's been over for weeks" "I don't understand, we're under attack!" etc.

FX: DOOR FLUNG OPEN, CABINET SILENCED. CHURCHILL'S SOGGY FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

CHURCHILL:

Gentlemen, first of all, apologies for my dishevelled appearance. My journey to parliament today was somewhat... unorthodox. As for these explosions, you have my assurance that they are being dealt with by someone in whom I have every faith. In the meantime, let us endeavour to assume some semblance of day-to-day politics!

CABINET WT:

(GENERAL HUBBUB)

82. EXT: DOWNING STREET

FX: IDLING ROLLS. MONK WALKS UP, KNOCKS ON WINDOW. DRIVER ROLLS WINDOW DOWN

DRIVER:

Sir?

MONK:

(URGENTLY) You know who I am. Mr Churchill has authorised me to commandeer this vehicle. I need to urgently evacuate the PM to a top secret location-

DRIVER:

Where to, sir?

FX: MONK OPENS DRIVER'S DOOR, BUNDLING HIM OUT.

MONK:

Need to know. And you don't need to know. Because I'm driving. Out you get.

FX: DRIVER EXITS, MONK GETS IN AND REVS ENGINE

MONK:

(DRIVING OFF) Toodleoo!

FX: ROLLS WHIZZES OFF

83. INT: SEWERS LEADING TO WESTMINSTER

FX: DOCTOR AND ALICIA RUN THROUGH PUDDLES

DOCTOR:

It's a question of fuel...

ALICIA:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Kulcade's plans only account for a few dozen bombs. But Edward took lots more.

ALICIA:

He'd never do anyone harm. We've lived with these people for years.

DOCTOR:

Through the most difficult of times. I wonder... could a Cindran ship process explosives into energy? Enough to keep a stem crystal ticking over?

ALICIA:

That could work... Did Edward do that? When Kulcade had him out finding bombs... he siphoned off his own supply. To power our ship!

DOCTOR:

Clever fellow. Let's make that our working assumption.

FX: THEY SLOW DOWN

ALICIA:

Are we there?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Right underneath Parliament. That ladder leads into the ventilation system. After you.

FX: ALICIA STARTS TO CLIMB

84. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS

FX: ROLLS GOING EXTREMELY FAST. MONK CHANGES GEARS, OVERTAKES CAR IN FRONT. CAR HONKS FURIOUSLY

MONK:

Poop-poop! (LAUGHS, CALLING) So sorry, bit of a hurry.

FX: BRAKES SQUEAL AS HE TAKES CORNER FAST.

MONK:

Don't want to miss that flight!

FX: ACCELERATES.

85. INT: VENTILATION SYSTEM UNDER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

FX: TEN LARGE BOMBS TICK AND HISS. ALICIA DARTS BETWEEN THEM, CHECKING

ALICIA:

Doctor, we've got minutes. The timers are set for eight p.m. We won't be able to evacuate anyone.

DOCTOR:

So we defuse.

ALICIA:

There's not enough time to do ten of them.

DOCTOR:

Could you move them? With your atomisation.

ALICIA:

I don't know. Moving one would be exhausting, but ten? And where would I move them to.

DOCTOR:

How about the fuel compartment on your ship? You remember where it is?

ALICIA:

Yes! Not far. I'll try. But you can't stay. It's not safe, with the heat.

DOCTOR:

Of course. I'll go and warn Winston. (HEADS OUT, THEN STOPS)
Alicia...?

ALICIA:

You can trust me... I can't blame everyone for one man's cruelty.

DOCTOR:

You may not be human but you do have humanity. Thank you.

ALICIA:

Alright. Go! (PANTS AS IF IN PAIN) Aargh!

FX: DOCTOR EXITS. FLAMES IGNITE AROUND ALICIA.

86. INT: CINDRAN SHIP, BRIDGE

FX: MASSIVE RUMBLE AND THUD BELOW. CONTROLS JUDDER

EDWARD:

System? What's happening?

FX: ANOTHER MASSIVE RUMBLE AND THUD BELOW.

SYSTEM:

Additional fuel input.

EDWARD:

Fuel?

FX: EDWARD RUNS TO FUEL COMPARTMENT. METALLIC SPIN OF LID AS BEFORE. TICK NEWLY ARRIVED BOMBS IN CHAMBER

SYSTEM:

Conversion initiated.

EDWARD:

What... how did they get here? (DAWNING) Alicia!

FX: RUMBLE AND THUD. ANOTHER SHELL APPEARS, TICKING.

EDWARD:

Brilliant, sis! See you soon... I hope!

87. EXT: AIRFIELD RUNWAY

FX: PLANE A DISTANCE AWAY, PROPELLERS ROLLING. KULCADE SLAMS CAR DOOR

KULCADE:

(CALLING LOUDLY) I'm here. Ready to go when you are.

FX: ROLLS SCREAMS ONTO RUNWAY. HONKING HORN, APPROACHING FAST

KULCADE:

What? Is that... Churchill?! (DIVES OUT OF WAY)

FX: KULCADE FALLS. BRAKES SQUEAL, MONK LEAPS OUT

KULCADE:

What the devil...? Saunders?!

FX: MONK DIVES ON HIM

MONK:

(EFFORT) Flight's cancelled!

88. INT: CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CABINET ROOM

FX: DOOR OPENS, CABINET HUBBUB BEYOND, CHURCHILL EXITS. DOCTOR RUNS UP

CABINET WT: (INSIDE ROOM)
(HUBBUB)

CHURCHILL:

Doctor! What are you doing here? I thought you were looking for the bombs.

DOCTOR:

We found them. You all need to move, now!

89. EXT: AIRFIELD RUNWAY

FX: IN DISTANCE, PLANE TAKES OFF

MONK:

(PANTING) Looks like your pilot had second thoughts.

KULCADE:

(WINDED) No...

FX: MONK PACES AROUND THE PRONE KULCADE

MONK:

Months of planning, a year living with humans... Have you any idea how humiliating that is? How primitive? How boring? How many conversations you people can have about 'weather'? You're going nowhere. You might as well tell me your Swiss account number.

KULCADE:

(STRUGGLING UP) Is that all you want? Money?

FX: MONK CROUCHES AND GRABS HIM

MONK:

Not just that. Power. Respect. (PUNCH) The satisfaction of a job well done. Actually, this primitive (PUNCH) approach is surprisingly enjoyable. (GETS PUNCHED) Oof!

KULCADE:

(EFFORT) Some advice for the advisor. Stick to politics. And don't pick a fight with a trained agent. (EFFORT, PUNCH)

MONK:

Aaargh!

FX: MONK FALLS, AND KULCADE GRABS HIM.

KULCADE:

Whatever happens, (EFFORT, LOOKING AT WATCH) in two minutes, your precious Prime Minister and his entire cabinet will be blown to kingdom come.

90. INT: VENTILATION SYSTEM UNDER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

FX: TWO BOMBS REMAIN, TICKING, HISSING. ALICIA'S POWERS ARE WEAKENING

ALICIA:
(EXHAUSTED) Aargh!

FX: FLAMES ALIGHT THEN SPATTER OFF

ALICIA:
(PANTING) Two... left. Argh!

FX: FLAME ALIGHT, BUZZ AS BOMB IS TELEPORTED OUT

91. INT: CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CABINET ROOMS

FX: CABINET MEMBERS HURRY INTO CORRIDOR

CABINET WT:

"What's he saying about bombs?" "Good Lord, what else is going to happen today?" "Hurry up!" "Come on, there's a good chap, we need to get out." Etc.

CHURCHILL:

That's right, everyone out, as fast as you can.

DOCTOR:

Run to the nearest exit! Get as far away from the building as possible. This way..

FX: ALL HEAD DOWN CORRIDOR

92. EXT: AIRFIELD RUNWAY

FX: KULCADE PULLS MONK TO HIS FEET

KULCADE:

Get up. Maybe you'll be useful as leverage?

MONK:

(IN PAIN) I could be more than that, you know. Put in a word with the PM. Or perhaps another arrangement...?

KULCADE:

It doesn't matter. Your country will lose its whole government in less than twenty seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen. Seventeen-
UNDER)

MONK:

Whatever... Stop counting, you complete and utter idiot.

KULCADE:

What?

MONK:

It's not 'my' country. Churchill. The Cabinet. Great Britain! Blow them all up. Start over. Doesn't matter to me.

KULCADE:

Don't you care?

MONK:

No. All I really care about, (FUMBLES IN POCKET) is you not looking at what I've got in my hand.

FX: STUN GUN BLAST.

KULCADE:

Uurgh! (COLLAPSES)

93. INT: VENTILATION SYSTEM UNDER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

FX: ALICIA COLLAPSES, LAST BOMB TICKS

ALICIA:

(PANTING) I... I can't.

FX: FLAMES SPUTTER, STOP

ALICIA:

I can't do any more.

94. INT: SMALLER CORRIDOR, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

FX: CABINET MEMBERS RUNNING, STOPPING AT DOOR, TRYING TO OPEN IT

CABINET WT:

"It won't open." "Help! Someone open the door!" "Find another exit, come on!" "What's the hold up, open it up!" Etc.

CHURCHILL:

It's locked.

DOCTOR:

(PUSHING THROUGH CROWD) Let me through!

FX: BURST OF SONIC. CHURCHILL RATTLES DOOR, STILL LOCKED

CHURCHILL:

It's bolted top and bottom. We're not going to make it.

95. INT: VENTILATION SYSTEM UNDER HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

FX: BOMB TICKING SPEEDS UP. ALICIA SITS UP

ALICIA:

(PANTS) Argh!

FX: FLAMES SPUTTER. BOMB 'FLATLINE' NOISE — READY TO BLOW

ALICIA:

No! (PANTS) No! (HUGE EFFORT) Argh!

FX: FLAMES IGNITE, BUZZ AS BOMB DISAPPEARS

MUSIC TRANSITION

96. INT: CINDRAN SHIP

FX: THUMPING OUTSIDE DOOR. EDWARD RUNS UP

EDWARD:

System! Open the door!

FX: DOCTOR HELPS A WEAK ALICIA IN

EDWARD:

Alicia! Are you alright? Is she alright?

DOCTOR:

She's very weak. She was unconscious when I found her.

ALICIA:

(WEAK) Edward... you didn't leave me!

FX: EDWARD AND ALICIA EMBRACE

EDWARD:

As if I would.

ALICIA:

Is it too late? The energy stem...?

EDWARD:

I don't know. System, energy stem status?

FX: STEM RISES UP BUT IS LIFELESS

SYSTEM:

Energy stem can no longer be detected. (WEAKENING) System... failure.

ALICIA:

No!

EDWARD:

It's alright. We'll... we'll make a life here.

DOCTOR:

You could but actually, in all the excitement, I forgot to give you this.

FX: DOCTOR HANDS EDWARD METAL SHELL FROM KULCADE'S OFFICE.
EDWARD UNSCREWS LID

EDWARD:

What's this?

DOCTOR:

A hollow shell. Somewhere a spy might keep their microfilm.
And, hidden in the tip..

FX: EDWARD TAKES OUT TINY CRYSTAL

EDWARD:

(INTERRUPTING) Our crystal!

ALICIA:

Doctor, you found it!

DOCTOR:

I could have sworn it was in his radio set. Never mind, at least you've got it now.

FX: ALICIA HUGS DOCTOR

ALICIA:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. You saved a great many lives today.

EDWARD:

(TO ALICIA) Alicia, are you ready?

ALICIA:

So ready.

EDWARD:

Let's go home.

FX: DOCTOR HEADS OFF

DOCTOR:

Would you mind giving me a moment to get clear? The whole area around Parliament's been cordoned off. After the earlier (AHM) 'gas' explosions, all civilians have been evacuated. No witnesses.

ALICIA:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Thank you, Doctor. What about Saunders?

DOCTOR:

He'll be taken care of. You know that's not his real name, don't you?

ALICIA:

I guessed. What is it?

DOCTOR:

I call him The Meddling Monk.

ALICIA:

That suits him much better.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) Have a safe flight!

97. EXT: LONDON

FX: LOW RUMBLE SOME DISTANCE AWAY, DISTINCTIVE CINDRAN SHIP SOUND (EXAGGERATION OF STEM ENERGY FX)

RUMBLE GETS MUCH LOUDER, HUGE SHATTERING AS SHIP BREAKS THROUGH THE STREET AND LAUNCHES UP.

98. INT: CHURCHILL'S ROLLS

FX: END OF CINDRAN LAUNCH OUTSIDE, AS CAR DRIVES SMOOTHLY.

MONK:

(OVER NOISE) Did you see that?

KULCADE:

(MOANS, GAGGED)

MONK:

Your golden geese making a break for freedom. Good luck to them. (PULLING UP) Here we are, good old London town. Rather reminiscent of the blitz, isn't it? No-one about.

FX: 1940s POLICE CARS APPROACH.

MONK:

Ah. Here we go. A reception committee. Hailing me as I deliver a traitor. Trussed up like a Christmas turkey, with all the trimmings.

CHURCHILL: (VIA LOUDHAILER)

Attention all. This is a high security operation!

MONK:

Oh. He did survive. The polls open first thing. Maybe I can pick up where I left off?

CHURCHILL: (VIA LOUDHAILER)

The occupants of my Rolls Royce are to be apprehended. There is a dangerous criminal inside.

MONK:

Hear that? They're expecting you.

CHURCHILL: (D)

And a German spy. Lesley Kulcade.

MONK:

Eh? What???

CHURCHILL: (D)

The individual calling himself 'Simon Saunders' is to be arrested on charges of fraud, deception, art theft - and treason.

MONK:

Oh lumme! (TRIES TO GET OUT)

KULCADE:

(GAGGED, LAUGHING)

FX: DOORS OPENED, POLICE GRAB MONK.

MONK:

Don't you laugh at me. I said don't laugh! (GRABBED) Urrgh!

MUSIC TRANSITION - TIME PASSES

99. INT: CHURCHILL'S OFFICE, DOWNING STREET – WEEKS LATER

FX: CLOCK TICKS.

BROADCASTER: (ON RADIO)

-as Mr Attlee prepares to meet the King and form his new government, following a landslide victory over the incumbent-

FX: CHURCHILL TURNS OFF RADIO. DOCTOR TAPS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(AT DOOR) May I come in?

CHURCHILL:

No. Wait there. (SIGH) Haven't seen you for weeks. No victory party.

DOCTOR:

When is Kulcade's trial?

CHURCHILL:

(COLD) Soon. We're making him stew first.

DOCTOR:

Can't say I blame you. And Saunders?

CHURCHILL:

A mystery. He vanished from custody a week after polling day.

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) Typical.

CHURCHILL:

We've alerted the ports and circulated his picture to the papers.

DOCTOR:

He did want to be famous.

CHURCHILL:

(BEAT) So, in essence, everyone was double crossing everyone else.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Kulcade was spying for Germany and using the Cindrans to aid his escape. Edward was stealing shells to fuel their ship. He tipped off the police about the bombing, by the way.

And Saunders tipped you off about a spy in the ranks, to minimise the disruption to his campaign. He was most definitely not the advisor he appeared to be.

CHURCHILL:

Rich, coming from you.

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) I'm sorry, Winston.

CHURCHILL:

You were double crossing me. All along.

DOCTOR:

Would you believe me if I told you I did it for the best?

CHURCHILL:

It was always your intention that I should lose. That last speech after the bombings. I trusted you to give me the right advice, but you turned the public against me.

DOCTOR:

It was the right advice.

CHURCHILL:

For the outcome you wanted.

DOCTOR:

It's not what I want. It's history. The ebb and flow of time. There's a web that humans can't see. An infinitely bigger picture.

CHURCHILL:

All these secrets. All your mystery and enigma. Underneath it all, you're just someone who revels in his ability to manipulate and control.

DOCTOR:

That's not true.

CHURCHILL:

I thought we were friends.

DOCTOR:

We are!

FX: CHURCHILL GETS UP AND GOES TO DOOR.

CHURCHILL:

Not any more. Not this Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Winston?

CHURCHILL:

(CLOSING DOOR) Goodbye.

MUSIC — THEME

END OF EPISODE 4